



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Front Page

I HAVE great pleasure in introducing Mr. H. Gagnier, who is now the proprietor of SATURDAY NIGHT, and Mr. Joseph T. Clark, who is the incoming editor of this paper. Both of them have been connected with SATURDAY NIGHT for several years, Mr. Clark having been the associate editor for over eight years. I do not think there will be any conflict between the paper's past and its future.

"Say, Bill, is the door shut? I never did you any harm did I? Then we part good friends."
"Suzanne, I kiss you' hand; I kiss you' hand good-bye."
E. E. SHEPPARD.

MR. EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, who, in the above few lines announces in his own way, his retirement from the ownership and editorship of SATURDAY NIGHT, and whose portrait now for the first time appears in a paper that has long been the vehicle of his opinions, will, I understand, leave almost at once for California, where he will spend some months on literary work that he has had in mind for years. In short, it is probable that Mr. Sheppard will proceed to write some books that he has had in mind for a long time past—books that need to be written and which he will now have leisure to write. In his earlier days in Toronto he published two volumes of fiction dealing with rural life in Ontario. Those who read *Dolly and Widower Jones* remember them with pleasure. He also published a story of city life, *The Bad Man's Sweetheart*, and more recently *The Pyramids, the Prophets and the Preachers*, being letters of travel in the Holy Land and similar contributions made by him to these columns.

It is not the author, however, but the journalist who has retired and as I was for eight years associated with him in editing this paper, I know something of the hold he had upon his readers, and of the vigor and originality that distinguished him. He had about as handy a vocabulary as it is possible for a man to pick out of the English language after sorting it all over. He had a way of standing a proposition on its head to see what concealments would fall out of its pockets, that was often attended with great success. When he got after anybody, there was fun for the spectators and a fresh hide nailed to the barn door to dry. In Canadian journalism no man has held so distinctive a position, and no successor could fill his place—his successor will not try to do so, but will follow his own lights. Much that is interesting could be written about the retiring editor of this paper, but the first to protest against my doing it would be "Don" himself. May he live long and write notable books.

WHILE Mr. John A. Cooner of Toronto, where the investigations are going on, was in Orillia lecturing on the duties of citizenship, Mr. George Grant, M.P. of Orillia was in Ottawa exemplifying the point. If Mr. Grant really expressed the opinions ascribed to him, his best course is to stand by every word he uttered. The probability is that his confidence has been abused. A man will often say more in his home, his office or to a circle of acquaintances than he would think of saying on a public platform or in a published interview. Among his friends a man warms to his own words, says all he means, and sometimes more. He speaks from impulse rather than judgment, and reveling in the opportunity for confidential talk, experiments with language. Who among us could not be put to confusion to-morrow by the publication of remarks made to-day in the intimacy of private conversation? But it will not avail Mr. Grant much to explain that he was not talking for publication, and Parliament would be enriched by the presence of a young member who, having said his say has no apology to make. Perhaps he is not the only member of the House who thinks that some of the old leaders of the Liberal party are "an unconscionable time a-dying," and exact altogether too much tip-toe attendance from the young and vigorous members of the party family. The young man who stands up and says so will not, perhaps, make his own political fortune, but he will learn, in strict confidence, that he has the heartiest approval of many members of the House who seek preferment and are cautious in all they say.

Sir Richard Cartwright is one of the ablest men Canada has produced, and he must know, without being told by any of his grandsons in politics, that he has not of recent years added anything whatever to that debt which his country owes him. His biographer will scarce make a chapter from the material supplied after 1900. Sir Richard has just thrown some new light on the pre-Confederation period of forty years ago—and a man can scarcely be an authority on a time so remote and an active participant in the events of the present. And yet while they last the big men of yesterday will still be accorded the room that their size demands, for the Liberal party is addicted to ancestor-worship more than is the Conservative party. They go back to Baldwin and Brown at intervals as to the shrines of a deathless religion. In Dominion politics they retain their old men in office because of what these old men endured in the wilderness: while in Ontario politics an administration lasting over thirty years kept its door singularly shut against new and young men.

ON one occasion the late E. A. Macdonald was talking with an acquaintance on King street when a well-known citizen crossed the corner. "There goes a man," said Macdonald, "that couldn't be bought with a million dollars. He's a thoroughly upright man. But I can buy him any time by slipping my arm through his in the street, by asking his advice, treating him as a chum." When at the height of his powers the late E. A. Macdonald was a man of considerable skill in handling men, and there was a mighty lot of sense in what he said on the street that day about the Unpurchasable Citizen. A man who can look his enemy in the face without blinking, will drop his eyes before his friend. For one man who is bribed with money, a hundred are bought for nothing and think they are not bought at all, because what they do is not done for gain. It is very rarely that an alderman in Toronto accepts money for his vote in council—it is only the clumsy and the uninitiated who attempt to make a cash purchase in that market. The cause of good government in this city has more to fear from honest than from dishonest aldermen, because the alderman who is dishonest—who can be bought for cash to vote as he is bribed—quickly comes under the suspicion of his fellows and loses influence over them. In time he gets shaken out of office. But the honest alderman whom nobody dare attempt to purchase, can often be led around by the nose through his friendships, can take the wrong side on nearly every question that comes up, and still retain influence in council and the respect of all who know him. People will even like him the better for his loyalty to his friends, unless he is altogether too unfortunate in his choice of them. It is easy to recall the names of three

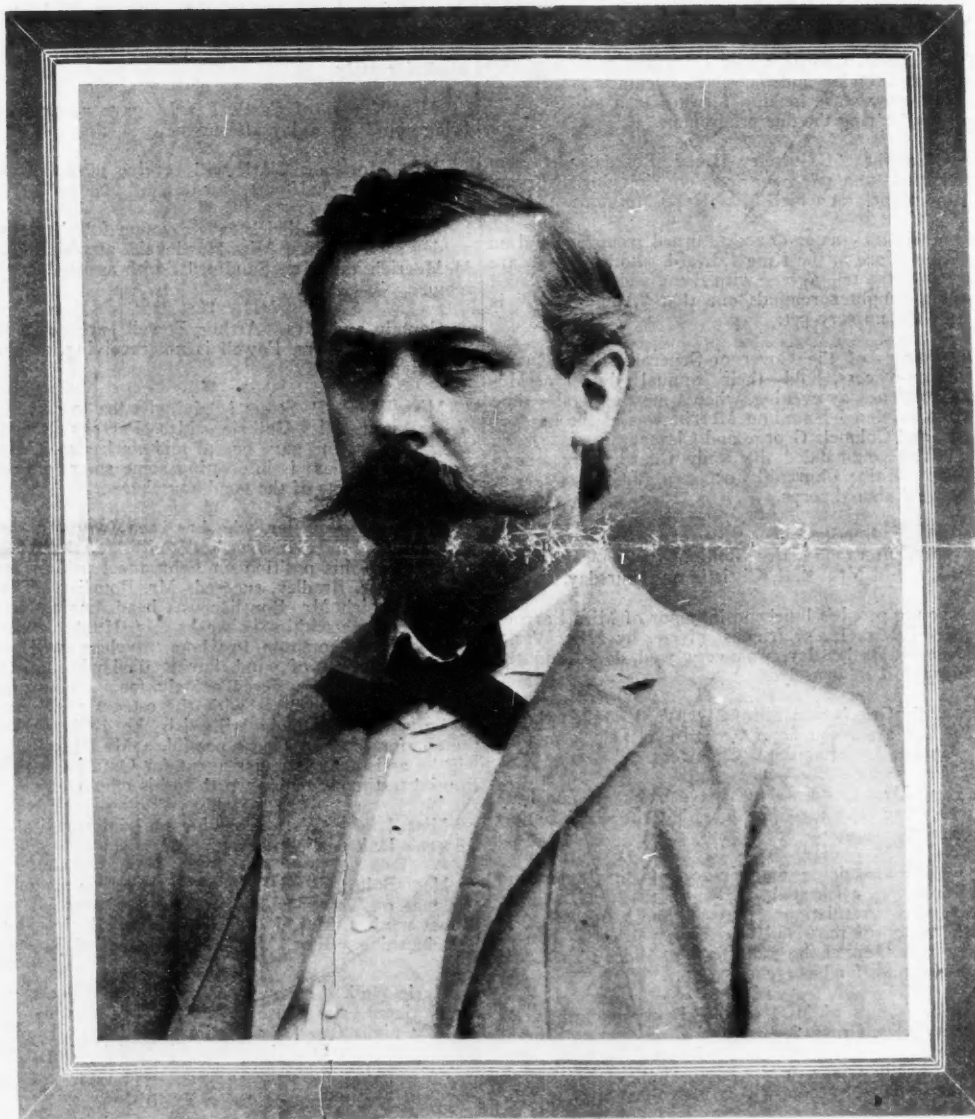
or four ex-aldermen who have dropped out of public view after cutting quite a dash for a few years. They were not bribe-takers, but they were incapable of refusing to do anything their friends desired of them, and, they formed unfortunate friendships. The "good fellow" has no business in a city council. He is much safer in Provincial or Dominion politics, where, if his good-nature be imposed upon, the eminent men of his party, for the party's sake, will declare their profound regard for him and denounce any attack upon him as inspired by partizan malice. The good fellow is out of place in a city council because the people never come near him, while those who want to get their dippers into the people's money are hovering about constantly. And these persons have a keen eye for a good fellow—the kind of fellow who spends cash at the bar and runs an account at the grocery store.

To be a successful alderman a man needs to have a big, hearty smile that means nothing; a vigorous hand-clasp that is a physical exercise only and pledges nothing; an attentive listening attitude under cover of which he can repeat to himself over and over again, "This man isn't the people; this man is only this man, but what a cute little argument he has got." He needs to get away and think the thing out for himself. This has three advantages, for it enables him to get away, to get away without promising or refusing anything, and it leaves behind the impression that he is the kind of man who goes apart and wrestles with his large and weighty thoughts. After that the main thing is to miss the man on the

look about himself so complacent. Beyond making money, what is his country doing? For six years the five \$40,000 Nobel prizes have been awarded for the most important discoveries in physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, literature and the promotion of peace. Thirty awards have been made and not one of these prizes has yet come to the United States. Germany has won eight, France six, Great Britain four, Holland three, Switzerland three, and Norway, Sweden, Spain and Denmark one each.

What are the seventy or eighty million people of the United States doing that not one among them has distinguished himself anywhere in these five branches of high pursuit?

THE press despatches tell, among other horrors this week, of a number of suicides, all of them committed because of disappointment in some strong desire or some absorbing ambition. While hundreds of people kill themselves every year because they find the goal they seek always just beyond their grasp, thousands, tens of thousands, for the same reason foolishly bring themselves to a condition of mind which makes life scarce worth living. Not one of us is without vain regrets—not one but carries in his heart the knowledge that he has failed to be what he would be and that he has scarcely touched the things that in certain rare moments he has promised himself to fashion with rare beauty, even to the splendor of perfection. Those who have wrought



MR. E. E. SHEPPARD,
Who last week relinquished control of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

street and be out when he calls. An excellent and much-used method, highly recommended by aldermen of experience, is to tell a man to call at an hour when you are sure not to be in. Then you know where he is, and are not afraid of meeting him anywhere else. Sometimes you can hold an earnest man two hours in that way. If you go against him in the end, do not avoid him; rush at him with the news that he nearly had you with his clever arguments. If defeat has ruffled him, this talk will make him feel pretty smooth. Being an alderman is a serious business and good fellows ought to keep out of it. But it is a nice enough job for a cold-blooded man.

THAT "jurist of repute," Henry Cabot Lodge, has taken another shot at Canada. In an appreciation of Benjamin Franklin he writes that "there is something about a dependency" that makes men commonplace. Great men, he says, do not arise in a dependency until the time for freedom comes. This is a very handy generality. Historians have always taken pains to make great those men tossed to the surface by revolution, but it would puzzle Senator Lodge to make good his sweeping statement. Benjamin Franklin lived until the age of seventy in a dependency and Senator Lodge admits that his country has not since produced so many-sided a man of genius. It is not an easy task to measure living men and say this one is great and the other not, but it might be supposed, not unreasonably, that in a republic where freedom flaps her wings every morning and where there is a population thirteen times as large as ours, there would be a conspicuous body of great men towards whom the people of this "dependency" could look with admiration. If it be conceded that multi-millionaires are not necessarily great men, it is not apparent wherein Canada falls behind the United States. If we have not great poets, painters, orators, scientists, philosophers—have our neighbors got them? In oratory the debaters at Ottawa are as good—and as bad—as those at Washington. Our writers seem to experience little difficulty in reaching the front rank in New York. When war gives our young men an opportunity to acquire themselves like soldiers, they take second place to none. Senator Lodge should not

worthily and accomplished much—those who are hailed and envied as the successful and the fortunate—these, too, find something lacking in the full cup of fruition that they would quaff; and it is well, for otherwise desire would die and there would be an end of effort and growth. These facts if fully realized by everyone—and they ought to be, for they are indisputably true—should constrain men and women to be philosophical. Everyone who is worth while is ambitious to live a rich and varied life, but this does not necessarily mean the gaining of wealth or exalted position. Whoever gives out all that is in him, playing the man, and regarding money, the power of money and high place as incidents merely, is the most likely to feel the greatest degree of satisfaction with things as they are.

THE vaudeville artists who come here and then travel all over America will soon be advertising Toronto as the place where nothing is talked about but the street cars. So that distant readers may understand the incessant agitation going on here it may be said that Toronto has not so unspokeably bad a service as the prevailing discontent would lead an outsider to suppose, but, Toronto having perhaps the best bargain with a street car company ever made by a municipality, is determined to reap the benefits of that bargain. The visitor from London, Hamilton, Ottawa or Montreal does not quite understand why Toronto is so worked up about her car service. The reason is that Toronto, by eternal vigilance, seeks to secure all that she claims under the contract entered into by the company. For over a dozen years this has been going on and a generation is growing up that makes the street car service occupy that place in conversation which the weather had held for forty centuries. The first words that children learn to use have to do with the way the cars are behaving, not that they are behaving otherwise than after the manner of such cars the world over, but because here the whole population is going to talk about this thing until they get what is coming to them.

Just now the proposal is made that the conductors should be permitted to collect fares from the passengers as they step aboard. This would remove the last restraint on the packing of the cars, for it is now necessary for the

conductor to pack the people in loosely enough to enable him to wriggle among them and take toll. The proposed change would have its drawbacks, however, for while winter has long held off it will arrive with a rush one of these days. If people have to search their pockets in a blizzard to get their admission tickets ready they will rebel against the exposure and inconvenience of it. Those ladies who have to search through a handbag containing a hundred miscellaneous articles for the solitary red ticket that is to pay their way home, need to place satchel on knee and use the light of the car in their search. Even then that ticket is often hard to find. To find it would be impossible while standing in the street in the dark. Nor is that all. During one of the storms of last winter I paid three car fares and walked home. First boarding a Belt Line car on King street, a fare was collected, and the car in two blocks came to a stop owing to a snow-plow having burst its boiler or something of that kind. Going back to Yonge I got on a Bloor and McCaul car that looked like a good one to go. Another fare was paid, but the car on turning up McCaul was found to be the tail of a long line of stalled coaches. That road was out of business. It seemed necessary to walk home, but on going along Queen and up Spadina a car came along near Knox College and I boarded it. Another fare was asked for instantly, but several passengers told me that they were not going to pay until they reached their destination and urged me to hold out for the same terms, which I did. Here, then, is the point. As a winter arrangement, based on experience, it would be better to adopt the plan of letting the passengers pay as they get off the car, instead of as they get on. This would be more equitable. The passenger would only pay for value received. The warmth and light of the car could be used for hunting out one's ticket, while this plan would, like the other, make it unnecessary for the conductor to wriggle through a car that contains no room for wriggling. Perhaps this would not suit the company, because dishonest persons might hop off the car and pay nothing. Yet this plan would be as fair to the company as the other proposal would be to the people.

NOT many years have passed since it was the fashion in this country to think and talk of "hard times" as of a national condition admittedly chronic. A generation ago Canadians were inclined to look upon prosperity either as a phantom of memory or a will-o'-the-wisp of the future. Men spoke of good times only when they became sadly reminiscent or when they discussed the millenium. But all that is changed. To-day Canada is enjoying "good times." There are evidences of prosperity and progress everywhere, and the most pessimistic of fossils cannot bring himself to brag of the "good old days of the Roossian War," because he knows he would be laughed at. Even conservative financiers protesting against over-capitalization and over-expansion do so in scarcely audible tones. But what is the cause of "good times" and "bad times"? Why are there periods of expansion and periods of depression? We should all think this out if possible, and do our best to maintain prosperity and to aid in the Dominion's marvelous growth. There are those who say that bad times must follow good times as night follows day, and that no hand but Destiny moves fast or slow the inevitable cycles of full and lean years. While it is true that many conditions are created for us, it is undeniable that individuals and communities and nations, in the main, control their own destiny. The man who feels that his business is going well has the inclination to push it every day. The harder he pushes it the more successful it becomes, and the more momentum it takes on the more courageous he grows. The same is true of a town or a township or a state. The spirit of confidence is behind all success and all prosperity. While it is wise to avoid recklessness, even along the line of expansion and progressiveness, it is fatal to begin peering into the future for possible calamity. The future of the country is all right, and every Canadian should go about his business with that idea solidly fixed in his mind. Confidence and success follow each other naturally and inevitably. The more courage we cultivate the more success will follow, and so—cause and effect each in turn furnishing fresh impetus—the wheel of fortune turns. Every one should exert himself to keep it humming as it is in Canada to-day.

SO for Mr. Balfour has carried but one seat in all Scotland, and that seat is St. Andrew's. This is what the game of golf has done for the ex-Premier. St. Andrew's, the home of golf, has stood by him, with the whole United Kingdom turned against him. Let 'em turn. This expression of confidence from the golfers and caddies who know the kind of game he plays, will do much to take the sting from defeat. When Balfour meets Chamberlain he will tell with pride of the way the golfers stood by him. "Yes," Chamberlain will reply, "and I too have consolation in defeat, for I've a cablegram from the Empire Club of Toronto."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to tell me that the *Glory Song*, which plays so important a part in the revival services in Massey Hall, and which is copyrighted in the name of Mr. Alexander, "has been in use in the Yonge street mission to my certain knowledge for the last ten years." This may be, and no doubt is, true enough, and yet the song may be the property of Mr. Alexander—may have been his during those ten years. But if the song has been sung in Toronto for ten years without attracting any notice, it but proves that the song's power is less in itself than in the splendid exaltation of the time, place and circumstance of its singing. Examined by itself with the critic's cold disdain—as has been its fate many a time—the *Glory Song* is found to contain little excellence either as poetry or music. Yet as its purpose is not to please critics but to move the multitude at a time when that multitude is in a state of spiritual fitness, what matters the opinion of critics?

These evangelists know what they are about. They know how to get up momentum—they know how to bring a man face to face with himself. Mr. Alexander sings, but it is not a reputation as a singer he is after. Dr. Torrey preaches, but he does not try to shine as an orator. They are after results and care very little about methods. If Dr. Torrey can come to this city and after a few weeks induce four hundred clergymen to gather in a church to hear him tell them what's the matter with them and the way they do their work, he must be regarded as a leader in his profession. If he can talk straight to such a gathering without provoking red hot replies and getting tangled up in interminable discussions on doctrinal points and questions of church discipline, he must be a past master in the work of his craft. Clergymen are not easy to preach to, just as schoolmasters are not easy men to teach.

Most people who have attended these revival meetings believe that unmixd good will result, but many others think differently. They say that many of the converts are carried temporarily out of themselves and will backslide—that when the stimulation has worn off the religious state of the city will recede below where this movement

found it. It may be so. But whether in religion or morals there is ample experience to show that a considerable percentage of those men who make public professions of any kind are going to adhere to the vows they undertake. Methodism and its success is based on this secret of human nature, and all those advocates of total abstinence who have gone through the country inducing men to publicly sign pledges and wear bits of blue ribbon, have exercised the knowledge that a man may wish to do something yet may not do it unless he gives promise of it before the whole community.

Perhaps the newspapers with their lengthy reports of the revival proceedings are helping on the work, but those who read the reports but do not attend the meetings must be at some loss to account for the conversions made. The reports do not make Dr. Torrey's sermons convincing. Perhaps those smokers who are present resolve to throw away their pipes as they hear him denounce the habit to which they are addicted, but those smokers who read his remarks only puff the harder and say he is unreasonable. Those who read the story he tells in a sentence of young men coaxed to take their first drink of intoxicating liquor and filling a drunkard's grave, know that in real life this is a long story to tell in two or three lines. Those who dance, may, if present at the meetings, see in a sudden flash the enormity of so enjoying themselves, but those who sit at home and read say that the revivalist advocates a state of society that would drive them to sea. But on the whole, Dr. Torrey will no doubt be content if those who censure him are those who know him only by reading.

Power.

Power to do, and power to do not, though we fail or though we rise;
Ages beckoning unto ages, crush the foolish with the wise;
Night forever deeply darkeneth on the base as on the good.

While the sorrows of the centuries are the truths half understood.
Give the world the welcome power to seek the still undawning morn,
For the hope the ages long for is the hope as yet unborn;
Plunging through the mystic future, man shall live though men must die,
For the triumph of the human is the world's last battle cry.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD, B.C.L.

January, 1906.



THE Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave a dinner on Thursday evening to which the following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited: Sir William and Lady Mulock, the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Aylesworth, Hon. G. W. Ross and Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Professor and Mrs. Kennedy, Professor Mavor, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Francis, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mrs. George Reaves, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. Cockshutt and Mr. A. G. Ross of London, who is on a visit to Professor Mavor.

Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis is now settled in her new home, 246 St. George street, and received for the first time yesterday, January 26th.

Toronto friends of Miss Fanny Labatt will be sorry to hear that she had a severe seizure of illness some time ago; she is now in Montreal under a nurse's care.

Mrs. Arnold M. Ivey is giving a reception at McConeky's on next Wednesday from five to seven o'clock.

Mrs. Shirley Denison's bridge and tea on Wednesday was a most successful and charming affair, and the pretty drawing-rooms of her home, 284 St. George street, echoed many a laugh and good story when, the game being over, the bridge players and friends dropping in later enjoyed a most dainty tea, many of the nicest eatables having that appetizing look and flavor which marked them home-made. The prizes were very pretty and artistic, a couple of dear little framed pictures particularly so. Miss Brock of Winnipeg, a cousin of the hostess, assisted in the tea-room in a white lace frock and hat. Mrs. James Mackenzie poured coffee and Miss Lottie Wood was in charge of the tea-urn. The tea-table was centered with a bowl of deep pink carnations. A few of the guests were Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Hamilton Burns, Mrs. Denison, Miss Kay, Mrs. Arton Burrows, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Miss Brock, Mrs. Mulock, Miss Maude Barwick, Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mrs. Weston Brock, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. Sterling Dean, Mrs. G. Boyd, Miss Maule, Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. James Bain, Mrs. and Miss Holland, Mrs. Teetzol, Miss Ellie Phillips, Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell, Mrs. Jack Gilmour, Mrs. Stanley Clark, Mrs. Stikeman.

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THE LATE REV. JAMES P. SHERATON, D.D., Principal of Wycliffe College, Toronto, who died early Wednesday morning. Dr. Sheraton was born at St. John, N.B., November 29, 1841.

Mrs. Percy Scholfield, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Symons, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mrs. R. Cassels, Mrs. Lash.

Shea's has been crowded every night this week, and people are enjoying the very amusing bill provided. The little theater where so many forget their "blues" resounds with laughter, and from an upper box one can study a crowd actually doubled up with mirth, often a more amusing and interesting sight than the stage presents.

The National Chorus, under Dr. Ham, give their two concerts on Monday and Tuesday evenings in Massey Hall, and crowds are looking forward to a great deal of pleasure in hearing the fine programme.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Rosedale, has sent out invitations to a *soiree musicale* on Thursday, February 8, at nine o'clock, at which Miss Hope Morgan is to sing.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace returned from England on Saturday and are at the King Edward. Both of them are looking as if the trip agreed with them, and a sweet-faced tall young daughter reminds one that "Annie Mary" is no longer the nursery pet.

The officers of the Governor-General's Body Guard, with the ex-officers, hold their annual dinner at McConeky's on Tuesday evening, when a most enjoyable time was spent. Colonel Hamilton Merritt was at the head of the table, and Colonels George and Clarence Denison, who have in turn commanded the Body Guard, were among the guests. Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., was also at the dinner of his old corps.

Mrs. A. P. Burritt gave bridge parties yesterday and on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Bolte had a small bridge on Wednesday, and Mrs. R. J. Christie on Thursday.

The young people's luncheon in honor of Miss Barrow, for some of Miss Ina's friends, given by Mrs. W. D. Matthews on Wednesday, was very well done, and the girls enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. Wyly Grier's portrait of Mr. W. B. McMurrich is on view this afternoon from two to five o'clock in the artist's studio, Imperial Bank Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith have had their fine little son, Jack, very ill since Christmas, but the child is now convalescent.

The golden wedding anniversary of Sir James and Lady Grant was celebrated early in the week at the Capital, and congratulations, addresses and handsome gifts were the order of the day. Sir James Grant is one of the spryest partners at the State balls at Rideau Hall, and a wonderful man for his age.

Toronto friends of Miss Gladys Drury, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Drury, formerly of Kingston, but now of Halifax, will be sending her good wishes on Monday next, the day of her marriage to Mr. Aitkin, her wealthy fiance. I hear the bride and groom will go abroad at once.

Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, who are living at the Windsor, Montreal, were not obliged by the recent fire to vacate their rooms. Beyond having to go out for meals for a short time they were undisturbed.

Mrs. Gzowski has gone to Montreal on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Fred Beardmore.

Mrs. Nelles, who was visiting Mrs. Charles Fleming, has returned to Brantford.

Captain Ridout has extended his visit home and will be in Toronto until the end of next month.

Mrs. G. W. Allan has recovered from a severe cold and gone to Ottawa to visit Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber.

Queen's Hall, the new 'Varsity students' residence, formerly the Thorne homestead in Queen's Park, will be *en fete* this afternoon, for which occasion cards of invitation have been sent far and near by the furnishing committee.

Captain Clive Bell is out on a visit to Ottawa, and should he find time for a look at Toronto also, many friends will give him hearty welcome. Captain Bell was one of the "happy family" at Rideau Hall during the Minto regime.

Mrs. Murray was hostess of an informal dance for her youngest daughter and her friends the other evening at her home in Crescent road.

Mrs. Parkyn Murray, one of the daintiest hostesses in Rosedale, gave a small bridge and tea on Monday. The very bad weather interfered with some of those expected, as other hostesses also found in their entertainments.

Miss Foy is giving a tea next Saturday afternoon at her home in Isabella street.

Mrs. Timothy Eaton gave a tea yesterday at her home in Lowther avenue.

Here is a revival story. The preacher announced that he had accurate knowledge that his poor old grandmother had gone to hell. Two young society men at this decided to leave the hall, and as they prepared to do so, the preacher pointed them out to the crowd as two misled souls

hurrying to the same warm quarters. One of the gentlemen turned round and politely enquired, "Any message to your grandmother, sir?" which, needless to say, tickled all in the audience with a sense of appreciation of ready wit and good-nature.

Mrs. Holland's dance last evening at her home in Heath street, Deer Park, was the attraction for a bright crowd of young folks and her pretty *debutante* of last November was a charming assistant hostess.

The Engineers' dance in 'Varsity Gym on Thursday evening was one of the smart events of the week.

Everyone who knows him was glad to welcome Mr. Harry Grubbe back to Toronto. He has been in Peterborough for some time, but was ordered by the bank to head office here.

Mrs. George Boomer gave a very jolly bridge on Saturday at her home in Murray street. Mrs. Millichamp gave a young folks' tea on Saturday for her daughter, Muriel.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones will receive next Friday at Llawhaden.

Dr. McDonagh has gone to California and Honolulu.

Mrs. Sims of St. George street is giving a bridge next Wednesday.

Mr. Tom Delamere has gone to Winnipeg, where his marriage to Miss Morrison takes place next week. The bride and groom will be in Toronto next month visiting Colonel and Mrs. Delamere in Cecil street.

On Friday evening next the Home for Incurables will be *en fete* at eight o'clock, when the annual meeting and exercises will be held. The Lieutenant-Governor will take the chair and a large attendance is assured.

The pretty, sunny new rectory of St. Peter's church is finished, and the Rector and his family are in pleasant possession.

I hear rumors of a marriage to be soon celebrated between one of the most cultured and noted professors in our city and a Toronto lady who has been for years his devoted friend. Congratulations are sure to be many.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin of Elm avenue sailed this week for Italy.

Mrs. Kemp of Castle Frank gave a very pleasant bridge on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark will receive next Thursday at the usual hour, half-past four.

Mrs. Vaux Chadwick gave a young folks' tea on Wednesday for her niece, Miss Macdonald, at which Mrs. Jack McMurrich and Mrs. Sandford Smith assisted in the tea-room.

Captain and Mrs. Arthur Powell are *en pension* at Surrey Villa. Mrs. Powell is not receiving, as she is in mourning.

Miss W. R. P. Street is giving a tea to-day in honor of her guest, Miss Guthrie. Mrs. Parsons is giving a bridge to-day, and gave one at mid-week also. Miss Parsons' cooking class is interesting some smart women who have the instincts of the good housekeeper.

Mr. H. C. Bourlier, who has been for many years a courteous and popular *charge d'affaires* for the Allan Line here, resigns his position on February 1. Mr. Hannah's assistant, Mr. Bradley, succeeds Mr. Bourlier. The office staff, of which Mr. Bourlier was head, has suffered two losses by death within six weeks. Mr. Hunter and the invaluable Mr. Thompson, to whom travelers owed so much comfort and ease of mind, having died within that time. Mr. Bourlier has suffered acutely from rheumatism for some years, and retires with the esteem and respect of his hosts of friends, who will wish "Lord Chesterfield" all the comfort and happiness possible. Mr. Harry Bourlier will be assistant passenger agent for Ontario, with a substantial testimony of his worth to his employers.

Miss Louise Watt is giving a violin recital in St. George's Hall on February 1.

Mrs. Bolton Reade of 208 Macpherson avenue gave two teas on Thursday and yesterday afternoons, assisted by her mother, Mrs. J. P. Edwards, at which guests met her charming visitor, Mrs. Floyd Brown of Rochester.

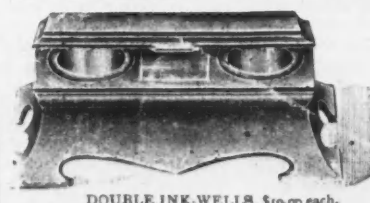
Marie Hall, the New York Symphony Orchestra and the National Chorus are next Tuesday's reason for keeping that night free from the lesser delights. It will be a great musical treat and everyone is anticipating it.

Forget your Troubles.

A well-known authority on "nerves" maintains that the healthiest people are those who think least about their physical condition, and he points out that many persons ruin a sound constitution by worrying themselves over questions of hygiene or trivial ailments. In support of this theory may be advanced the undoubted fact that the centenarian is generally an individual who has made no especial effort to prolong his life. His great age is usually accounted for either by his membership of a family famous for its longevity or by his chance adoption of a quiet and mode of life which best suited his constitution. Worrying only uses up the nerve force which is essential to the preservation of health. The subject of "keeping well" will, however, always attract multitudinous students, for though this may be a tiresome world, as someone said the other day, "there is not even a bishop who wants to get out of it!"

John D. Rockefeller's keen foresight is shown in the fact that just before Missouri started after his scalp he bought a wig.

It is impossible to keep a pretty girl from discovering that she is pretty. The *a priori* presumption is too strong. —Puck.



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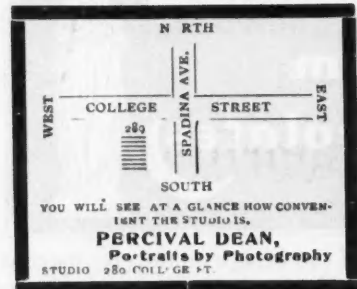
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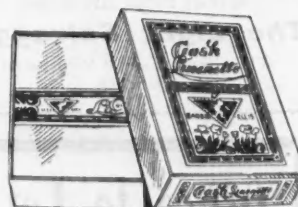
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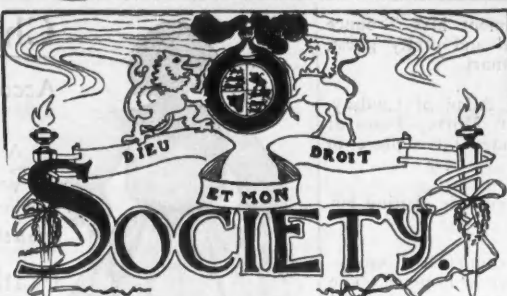
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FEBRUARY'S engagements are beginning to fill in. Lent begins on the first day of March and Easter day falls on April 15. Therefore February must contain all the gay doings till the spring is well advanced, and already several dances are dated for that month. Beside the *poudre*, which has been seeking a propitious hour, there will be several private dances. Mr. Alfred Boulton and his brother have boldly sailed in as hosts, and are giving a dance in Metropolitan Assembly-rooms on Friday, February 2. The second dance at Government House, for which cards were out a week ago, will be on Tuesday, February 6. The Argonaut Rowing Club give their annual ball at the King Edward on Friday, February 23, and though they may not have as distinguished a party as the Arbitration Commissioners from Newfoundland, who so much enjoyed their generous hospitality last year, there's no guessing who may be in town to grasp the glad hand of the doughty Argos. Among the teas already dated is one at which Miss Foy of Isabella street will entertain on February 3.

I have been disappointed that the rumor of a married folks' cotillion club died in the unprecedented rush of the early days of the passing busy season. The club is, however, likely to take form next year, and will be turned into a card club during Lent, after the fashion of such coterie elsewhere. As an offset to the multiplying young folks' dances it would probably prove a very smart and popular way of giving the "middle contingent" plenty of evening entertainment. The Cotillion Club should meet fortnightly, the season subscription being sufficient to pay for rooms, music and supper, and the membership being limited to two hundred. During Lent, the club of which the Toronto one was to be a copy met in two sections, on Tuesdays of alternate weeks, and bridge, *pedro*, *echre* and plain whist were played as preferred. The Lenten suppers were just half as elaborate as the dance suppers, and the players devoted three hours to the game, beginning at half-past eight, with refreshments served punctually at half-past eleven. The Cotillion Club hours were from 9 to 1.30, with supper at half-past eleven. I give these particulars for future thought and hope the affair will "go" next season.

Miss Lola Powell, whose beauty and grace have added *chic* to many smart affairs here during the past month, left for Ottawa on Wednesday, the gay doings at the Capital being too strong a magnet. During her visit to her sister, Mrs. Francis of Howard street, Miss Powell has been lunched, tea'd, dined and otherwise entertained to the Queen's taste. Last Thursday week Mrs. Lally McCarthy's bridge party in her honor was a charming affair, and another very pleasant little gathering for Mrs. Lionel Guest and the beautiful Ottawa was Mrs. Walter Barwick's luncheon, also a last week's event. Mrs. Van-Koughnet gave a luncheon of ten at the Hunt Club for Miss Powell last week.

Mrs. Mabey went this week for a little visit to friends in Stratford. Mr. and Mrs. Thorold of Stratford, her parents, have been visiting Mr. Justice and Mrs. Mabey for the past month.

The High Park Golf Club covered themselves with glory on the occasion of their annual dance last week, a large crowd of pretty girls, smart women and agile partners being early on hand to enjoy the perfect floor and good company which gladdened the hearts of the dancers. The usual arrangements for cosy 'tween times were made in the Turkish, Nile and Rose rooms and supper was served in the cafe-restaurant on that floor. Mrs. Bulling, who is a Parkdale knowing in the selection and wearing of elegant toilettes, received with Mrs. George Gouinlock at the door of the ballroom, and the young folks soon half-filled the room, busily quite filling their programmes at the tonmost speed. Among new faces were Mrs. Stewart Playfair in her becoming *robe des nocces*, Mademoiselle Fauteux, a *chic* little French lady in a dainty turquoise silk gown, Miss Buroyne of Buffalo in horizontal-striped fawn and pink, a very smart frock, dainty and fresh, Miss Royster, also very smartly gowned, and some other visitors in town just now. Miss Alice Cooke wore white lace plentifully sewn with tiny gold paillettes, a lovely gown, Miss Emilie Lamont wore buttercup silk and violets, Miss Dottie wore white flounced silk edged with tiny cerise hems, Miss Watt was in white satin with pearl trimmings, and Miss Louise Watt in white with pale blue trimmings; Miss Rolland Hills wore pale green and her sister green touched with shrimp pink. Miss Robertson wore a handsome white lace gown, Miss McMurrich wore pink flowered *organdie de soie*, and Miss Jessie was radiant in pale blue. Miss Muriel Dick wore white, touched lightly with pale heliotrope, Miss Milne looked as dainty as possible in a painted Brussels net gown mounted on pink taffeta, Miss Mona Murray, who brought her guest from Montreal, Mlle. Fauteux, wore blue *organdie*. Miss Muriel Massey was in white, with a wreath of small pink roses in her hair. Miss Grace Massey wore pink chiffon over silk, reminiscent of the Taylor wedding in New York last year. Miss Dora Ridout wore a pretty dress of floral pattern mousseline, Miss Beatrice Cosgrave looked well in white, and graceful little Miss Lois Duggan very pretty in buttercup silk. Miss Winnifred Evans, who has been so long shut off by illness from the gay world, looked quite herself in a handsome white satin gown with the smallest touch of turquoise. Miss Eastwood wore a pretty flowered *organdie* and her sister was in white. Miss Sweatman wore white *desprit* and Miss Gladys a becoming blue *organdie*. Miss Curran of Montreal was in white, with wreath and trimmings of forget-me-nots. Miss Hazel Hedley wore white *mousseline de soie*. Miss Aileen Kertland, Miss Gertrude Parsons and Miss Hart were three popular girls. The men were mostly of the young dancing set and kept up the ball with vigor until quite a late hour.

Benvenuto was the Mecca of many a willing pilgrim on Friday afternoon, people who went to pay their duty visit finding a lot of others there, and meeting Miss Brydges of Winnipeg, who received with Mrs. Mackenzie. Miss Brydges is visiting Mrs. L. A. Hamilton of St. Joseph street.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton's Saturday evenings are very popular, some thirty or forty people came in, despite the storm, on last Saturday, and had music of the best and congenial conversation. Mr. Watkin Mills was to have been there after his concert, but was not on hand, the programme and its encores keeping him very late. Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid were among those present.

Mrs. Herbert Hammond gave a large tea last week at her residence in Grosvenor street, and received her friends in a white embroidered gown, being assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Mortimer Bogert, in a brown costume and pale blue chapeau. A pretty group of young girls assisted in the tea-room, including Miss Gzowski of Clovelly, Miss

Heron, Miss Melfort Boulton and Miss Mary Campbell. A few of the guests were Lady Edgar, Lady Mulock, Lady Thompson, Lady Fellatt, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Francis and Miss Lola Powell, Mrs. and Miss Arnoldi, Mrs. R. A. Smith, who was saying good-bye to her friends; Madame De Diaz Albertini, Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Catnach, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Graham Drinkwater, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Oliver Adams, Mrs. W. Gwynn, Mrs. Cawthra, and Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. C. T. Denison, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Hay, Miss Brydges of Winnipeg, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. J. B. McLean, Mrs. A. P. Burritt and Mrs. G. P. Reid.

Mrs. Tom Hollway of St. George street returned last week from a visit to Mrs. Rawlings of Montreal and brought Miss Rawlings with her.

Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Mrs. Stewart Houston and her little daughter, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt and several other Torontonians are enjoying a quiet visit to St. Catharines.

Miss Gretchen Kay of Montreal, niece of Mrs. W. Macculloch of Parkdale, is engaged to Mr. John Riddell, son of Mr. A. F. Riddell.

Miss Norma Johnston of Wilcox street has returned from a visit to Brantford.

Das Ewig-Weibliche

THE maiden with the pompadour had listened scornfully to a request for ribbon a shade darker and turned to resume her interrupted narrative:

"So I says to him, 'I don't believe I can go to the theatre to-morrow night, because I've more than half promised Harry to stay home and try over some music he's goin' to bring.' Then George was awful mad an' he just said the tickets needn't go begging, an' if you'll believe me, before I could say a single word, he up and left and was out of the house before I could hardly draw a breath. It makes me too provoked for anything, for of course I'd rather go to the show with George than worry over Harry's music. It's too hard for me to play, anyway, with a lot of sharps in it—accidentals and things like that—and Harry's a perfect crank about his accompaniments; he always wants the time kept so exact. Now, I like a real simple little song like *The Old Apple Tree* or *You are the Honey-suckle*, but Harry's just cringed to be strictly high-class, and he will sing *The Rosary* and *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes*. I think the last one's too silly for any human to sing, and have the worst time you ever knew to keep from giggling when he sings 'and I'll not ask for wine,' because, you know, Harry's strictly temperance an' he wouldn't drink anyway, and that's the most ridiculous thing about leaving a kiss within the cup. But, as I was sayin' George was awful mad—"

"I'd like to see that ribbon," said the customer, fiercely indicating a bolt of olive green.

"Yes—here it is—how much? Twenty-five cents a yard. Well, what do you think, Dorothy? If that man—I mean George—wasn't mean enough to go and ask Ethel Bates to go with him an' he knows that I just can't bear the ground that girl walks on. But they're going tonight to *Peggy from Paris* an' I've just got word that Harry's got to stay with his sick brother, an' of course that Bates girl will never believe but what George wanted her to go with him from the first. She's got a new silk shirt-waist that she's goin' to wear. She was telling Mamie Dennis about it. It's white with pink flowers—a kind of Dresden design an' it's got lace all down the front an' little bows of pink velvet ribbon. Pretty? Why, Dorothy Leonard, you don't mean to tell me that you think Ethel Bates is pretty. Why, she couldn't be, with that mouth, an' her hair would be bright red only she uses some stuff to darken it. Her complexion's not bad, but her cousin told me that Ethel spent a whole hour every night putting cold cream and skin food on her face. I guess any of us could look all right if we were so anxious as all that to have a clear skin. Then her waist! It's easy enough to tell from the way she breathes that she just suffers for a waist like that."

"I'll take three yards of this," interrupted the customer.

"Three, did you say? That's a two you gave me, wasn't it? Your change'll be along in a minute. Well, what would you do about it, Dorothy? I never dreamed that George would get mad so easily and go off like that. I know he doesn't really mean anything by it an' that he'll soon get tired of a girl like Ethel Bates. But it just drives me wild to think of the airs that girl's putting on about it. She got an opera-bag for a Christmas present an' this is the first time she's had a chance to use it, an' she's borrowed Bessie Morgan's opera-glasses. I was thinkin' of asking George up to supper next Sunday an' having some others in, too, just in a casual way, so as not to look too anxious.—What's that? Your change? Oh, here it is—a dollar and a quarter.—Dear me! Did you notice the snappy way that woman had? I suppose she thinks we haven't enough to do waiting on people without jumping the minute she speaks."

And the customer went her way wondering what manner of man George might be.



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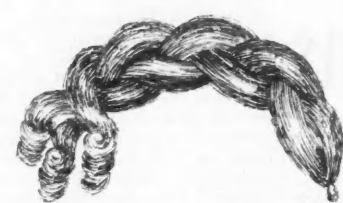
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Trinity College was en fête last Thursday evening, January 19, for the annual conversation, an event which is gradually changing into a young folks' dance, instead of the concert and galaxy of chaperones of splendid apparel and men of note and worth in the affairs of the city of the days of yore. The Provost is away on the Mediterranean just now, so his usual welcome to his cosy library and his dainty supper were missed by many. Professor Clark in his delightful library received many little visits and was in fine form as host. The little bird which carries the news is twittering of interesting days to come in that charming room. Miss Strachan and Miss Cartwright received at the door of Convocation Hall and the guests found their programmes at the far end of the room on the dais. There were very few married people present. Mr. and Mrs. Symons, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Temple, Professor and Mrs. Andras, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Claud Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Professor and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. A. R. Denison being almost the full number. The young students from St. Hilda's were out in force, Miss Playter, who wore a most smart and becoming gown of pale green and white lace, had her usual lucky number of young ladies. Miss Andras, in a pretty pink organdy, looked very nice. Her brother and his pretty fiancée, Miss Francis, in white silk, Miss Elsie Keefer in black sequinned lace and classic coiffure. Miss Burrow in turquoise crepe. Miss Adele Nordheimer in pink brocade and Miss Estelle in blue frilled muslin edged with Valenciennes lace. Miss Ella Fryerson in black lace, Miss Muriel Armstrong of Annapolis in green silk with white lace bertha, Miss Wornum and Miss Willmore both wore black, the former had a little coronet of pink roses, and the latter a wreath of pale blue flowers. Mr. and the Misses Denison of Rusholme, Miss Cecil Denison, Miss Nevitt, Miss Ambridge, Miss Perry, Miss Cosgrave, Mr. McGee, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Allan Kerr, Mr. Payne of McGill College, Montreal, Messrs. Gordon and Allen Taylor, Miss Alice Cooke, Miss Kathleen Fish, were a few of the crowds present. Supper was served at 11.30 in the Commons downstairs, and continued until everyone was satisfied and everything eaten up. The music was fine and dancing was carried on both in the main hall and Convocation Hall. The "tete-a-tetes" found cosy corners all over the place and many "dens" were open for the friends of their occupants. It was, on the whole, a most successful dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Winnett and Miss Winnett have gone to Italy. Mrs. Jack Mackellar sailed on the *Republic* for Genoa this week and will be gone until the autumn, I hear.

Mrs. R. J. Parke of Wells street gave a tea last week for Mrs. O'Sullivan of Calgary, whose fine singing has delighted Toronto this season. Both hostess and guest of honor wore quiet, rich gowns of black and white. Mrs. Price and Mrs. Cope assisted in the tea-room.

Miss Nesbitt of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt in St. Vincent street.

Mrs. Greville-Harston has been for some time under treatment in St. John's Hospital, but is now very much improved in health.

Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, 30 North Sherbourne street, Rosedale, will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday of next week. Mrs. Hector Mackenzie is remaining with Mrs. Beardmore for some days longer.

The Misses Park, who have spent a very joyous winter (*malgré le mauvais temps*) in Toronto, are now at Bon Accord with Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander for a time. On Tuesday night a dinner at Bon Accord in honor of these bright guests was an affair of great success and beauty. Covers were laid for eighteen congenial guests, and the decorations were quite royal in deep red and gold. Richmond roses and daffodils being the flowers used. On Wednesday Mrs. Alexander gave a luncheon in honor of her guests, covers being laid for sixteen, and the girls enjoyed it greatly. The table was done with violets and daffodils. The crowning entertainment of the week for the unmarried set was a huge dinner of 46 covers in honor of the Misses Park, for which the accommodation at the Hunt Club was all reserved, and of which Major Robertson and Major Michie were hosts. A large horseshoe table was arranged and a right royal time was enjoyed. Mrs. Alexander chaperoned the gay party which foregathered on Wednesday evening.

Many friends called to meet Miss Levi, who received with her sisters, Mrs. A. D. and Mrs. Frank Benjamin, on Monday. It was a shocking day and everyone felt the delightful contrast upon entering Mrs. Benjamin's beautiful parlors, where the three sisters gave the pleasantest welcome to their visitors. Miss Levi has been here since midsummer, but family mourning has kept her sisters from hospitalities until now. She is a very dainty and attractive Londoner, and is making many friends here where she will remain, I understand, for some months.

Mrs. Sydney Small's post-nuptial receptions Thursday and Friday of last week were the signal for a general leaving of cards by the nicest people in town, who gave hearty welcome to the fair Washingtonian who has been one party to an international alliance which bids fair to be one of the happiest marriages of the season. Mrs. Small is very lovely, and possesses the *savoir faire* acquired by a residence in that city of experience in many social affairs, the Capital of the United States. For her receptions she wore a delicately-tinted pink silk gown with a very smart little true-lovers' knot in black on the bodice, and a few handsome jewels. Her charming manner deepened the impression made by her equally charming face, radiant with happy animation. Few indeed, are the brides who could face a host of strange visitors with the unaffected unconcern and sweetness of this much-admired addition to Toronto's smart circle. A tea-table was set in the dining-room centered with a large silver bowl holding a soft mound of Canadian Queen roses and maidenhair ferns, which everyone admired. Mrs. Hume Blake and Miss Amy Boulton poured tea and coffee, and when Mr. Small dropped in at six o'clock a chorus of laughing congratulations met him from many old friends who were earnest in praises of his excellent taste and full of best wishes for the happiness of his lovely wife and himself.

Mrs. Hastings and her daughter, Mrs. Oliphant, gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday afternoon, to a large number of ladies. The event was unique in one particular. The younger hostess and the ladies in charge of the tea-room were *poudrées*, the effect being very quaint and pretty. Mrs. Hastings wore a pale fawn gown with white lace; Mrs. Oliphant wore pale blue brocade most smartly fashioned, and her powdered coiffure added to the chic of her costume. Mrs. Fred Gooch in black satin brocade with pale blue velvet very sparsely introduced and handsome white lace, and Mrs. Fisher in delicate grey voile with white lace, became their *poudre* excellently. The drawing-rooms and tea-table were glowing with red lights, crimson carnations and poinsettias, some of which were wreathed about the mantel and mirror. The ices, cakes, sandwiches and sherbets carried out the color scheme very cleverly. Many of the guests arrived rather late from other teas, of which, I hear, there were three on Tuesday, so that the coming and departing were continually sur-

rounding the hostesses at the same moment. Mrs. Trounce of Buffalo was a handsomely gowned and pretty guest, and the dresses were all exceedingly smart.

The engagement of Miss Moretta Allan of Lindsay, eldest daughter of Dr. Allan, and Mr. Morrey Bates of New York is announced. The marriage takes place in June.

Mrs. R. C. Vaughan of Albany avenue is visiting her aunt, Mrs. P. H. Cheadle in Wiaraton.

Miss Edith J. Miller has, by all accounts, been enjoying a big measure of success this winter in London. The Prince and Princess of Wales were patrons-in-chief of her first concert in November, and the critics said things which should make Miss Miller's friends in Canada very proud of her. In one of the musical journals an excellent picture of her clever face shows that she hasn't grown out of their recollection in the past few years.

On January 17 a very pretty wedding took place in All Saints' Church, Windsor, when Miss Gertrude Alice McCartney, sister of Mrs. J. M. Duck, and Mr. Harold Gilbert Carter of Boston were married. The bride was attended by Miss Dottie Duck, and wore white broadcloth, and white lace plumed hat. She carried bride roses and lily of the valley. Miss Duck wore grey *crepe de soie* and white hat, and carried pink roses. Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick officiated and Mr. Pierpoint Littlewood of Montreal was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Duck gave the wedding breakfast, after which the bride and groom left for a honeymoon in Southern California, and will reside in Portland, Oregon.

The engagement of Miss Adella Mildred Whitney, third daughter of Mrs. James H. Whitney of Prescott, and Mr. Vincent Howard Kincaid of Bridgeport, Conn., is announced. Mr. Kincaid is a native of Brockville.

An amusing little tale comes from London the elder, of the recent fog. A former Torontonian was escorting a friend home from the theater, the cab crawling at a snail's pace, and when the fare was safely deposited at the destination a drunken tramp was found sprawling on the doorsteps. "Are you ill, my poor fellow? Can we help you?" said the fair fare. "Go to —," was the reply, and the lady fled into the house. The former Torontonian whistled persistently until a policeman hove in sight and taking a look at the recumbent figure exclaimed, "By George! The very man I lost an hour ago in the traffic at the corner!" It's a thick fog that muddles nobody luckily.

A suggestion to the Log Cabin tea-room managers is the substitution of plain small deal tables of pioneer primness of outline and small splint-bottom chairs, to take the place of the cumbersome and uncomfortable furniture in use at present, which may be picturesque, but is neither correct for the interior of a log cabin nor good for the dainty lace and velvet of modish tea-drinkers, beside taking up far too much room. A dozen frequenters have been "atting" me to ask for a change as above indicated.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Master Donald Mann and Miss Williams are sailing by the *Deutschland* for the Mediterranean. Yesterday Mrs. Mann had a number of visitors *pour dire adieu* at tea-time. The trip has been hurriedly arranged as a holiday rest for the head of the house, who has been a steady, hard worker at big affairs for many months.

The Popular Miss Glaser Coming.

THAT delightful comedienne with her infectious laugh, inimitable walk and pleasing and graceful personality, Lulu Glaser in that equally delightful musical comedy, *Miss Dolly Dollars*, is announced as the attraction at the Princess Theater next week, with a matinee on Saturday only. *Miss Dolly Dollars* is from the pen of Harry B. Smith, while the music has been furnished by Victor Herbert. The book is in Mr. Smith's most sprightly vein and the lyrics are suggestive of the palmiest days of W. G. Gilbert. The music is tuneful, melodious and catchy, and metropolitan and Boston critics were unanimous in their opinion that the score is the best that Victor Herbert has composed since *The Serenaders*. They were equally emphatic in their opinion that Miss Glaser has in *Miss Dolly Dollars* the best starring vehicle ever provided for her. *Dolly Dollars* is the daughter of an American millionaire, who is doing Europe in an automobile, and is anxious to purchase a titled husband for his daughter. A small regiment of impecunious noblemen from nearly every province on that continent follow the American heiress about the country. *Miss Dollars* does not share her parents' ideas on the matrimonial question. Like most American girls she is inclined to think for herself and marry the man of her own choice. She does, however, capture an English earl for a husband, but falls in love with him without knowing his real rank and station. The comedy hinges on the deception practised by this nobleman who changes places with his secretary and obtains the position of chauffeur to the rich American girl. The complications and humorous situations that arise from these changes are too numerous to be described, in fact they baffle description. Miss Glaser's supporting cast is one of the strongest ever seen on the comic opera stage. Among others in her support are Melville Stewart, R. C. Herz, Charles Bradshaw, Carrie Perkins, Carter de Haven, Ethel De Silva, Nella Webb, Henry Vogel Byron Ongley, William Naughton, James Leahy, Carl Hartberg, James Reaney, Enrico Oremonte, Sidney Harris, Edward Leahy and a host of others.



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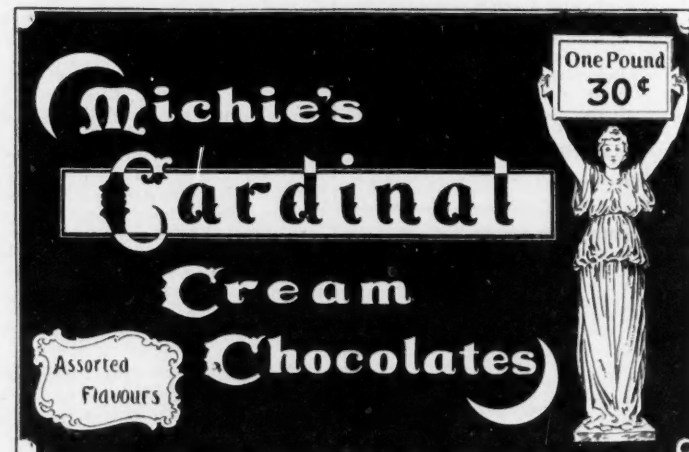
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A Girl, a Man and an Auto.

BY WILLIAM P. S. EARLE.

"DON'T mind telling you," said Betty very frankly, as I helped her into the White Steamer and saw to it that the robes were well wrapped around her, "that I have an engagement this evening, and won't be able to stay out with you very long this afternoon. I know you won't mind."

"Who said I won't mind?" I asked, savagely glaring around, expecting some Goliath to appear suddenly on the scene to refute the statement.

"Besides," she continued, ignoring the interruption, though I'm sure she heard me, "I was out extremely late last night with you at the Sheppards' dance, and you can't expect to have an entire monopoly of me. You must be reasonable, Dick."

I vouchsafed no comment. For the moment I was completely squelched. "Jack," she continued, after a pause, during which I was hunting in the baskets for an extra pair of goggles—one fit for dainty, feminine eyes—"Jack just rang me up on the phone from the office. He asked me to go with him to the hockey game at the rink to-night."

"And what did you say?" I inquired, trying to take the news indifferently, though at that particular instant I was thinking hard, unmentionable things about Jack.

"Oh, I said I'd see. He's to call around at eight."

I clambered into my seat at the wheel, resolved to thwart this Jack at all costs. The impudence of him butting in on me like that—and I going abroad in just a week!

"That's too bad," I said, disappointedly. "I was going to ask you to see Mumm the Mormon with me to-night. I bought two fine seats at Tyson's this morning—a ready-made lie, which I thought might possibly serve its wicked purpose, for I knew I could easily ring and get the tickets if necessary. However, it all rests with you, Betty. I shall be only too pleased to have you command me if you care to, and do your bidding as your devoted slave."

I attempted to salaam low, but the steering-wheel prevented me.

"Hockey, you know," I went on, grown suddenly bold and glib—far too much so, I fear—"hockey is so very silly and uninteresting. Then, naturally, I don't much fancy the idea that another man, however nice he may be, is going to claim all your valuable attention for a whole evening. There are others, you know, Betty."

"What conceit!" she laughed, with a pretty toss of her head. "Well, if that's your disposition, I don't care for your services. She looked around to see why I hadn't started the machine. "But, if you don't mind," she added, meekly, "I should like to ride in your Steamer some time this afternoon. Of course there's no hurry!" This last was supposed to be mildly sarcastic.

I shook my head resolutely. "No—it's a case of love me, love my auto," I said, "or I don't lift a finger to budge the plagued thing."

Betty shrugged her shoulders. "There's no other way out of it as far as I can see. Guess I'll have to submit. But," she pouted, "remember I do it under protest."

"What—love me?" "No; of course not, you stupid! What would I want to love you for?" "Love me for?" I echoed in mild surprise. "Why, you just said you did!"

"Did I?" "Yes; and now, in the very next instant, you contradict it. Oh, if you are not just like the eternal feminine, saying one thing one minute and forgetting all about it the next! I, for one, can't fathom you."

I reached down to the main-fire valve, and I'm sure my face was the picture of stern determination. "Do you or don't you?" I asked, quietly, waiting for her answer before turning on the fire. "Not a second ago you consented to love both me and my auto, and I must hear you at least confirm that statement before I proceed an inch."

"Very well, Dick, I love you," she sighed, tragically, "if that will do your heart any good."

"Lots," I said, pushing down the simpler and opening the throttle. "And now we're off—thanks to your promise."

"But I won't be responsible for what I'll do when I get out of this machine," she avowed, after a pause. Evidently that forced promise was still troubling her.

"Leave that to me," I replied softly. "I'll cheerfully assume the responsibility."

She flushed divinely. "I didn't mean that, Dick; you know I didn't. I spoke without thinking. I meant—"

"Oh, I know what you meant all right," I interposed, teasingly; "but people who speak without thinking, as you call it, generally say what they think. 'Some wise old gray-beard found that out long ago, and I agree with him exactly. By the way,' I remarked, casually, 'your blushing is very becoming; do you know it? Oh, of course you do!'"

Betty sighed. "How irritating you are, Dick. I do wish sometimes you'd be sensible. Look at Jack Barry—why can't you be serious-minded like him? He'd never in the world think of poking fun at me. He—"

"Fun at you!" I exclaimed. "Why, who's making fun—?"

"You—yes, you! You always—"

"Oh, no; there's where you wrong me, Betty—I never—"

"But you say such horrid things, though," she persisted.

"Well, I'll plead guilty to that charge if you can prove to me that words of endearment are classed as 'horrid,'" I murmured.

There was thick silence for a moment. I tooted my horn viciously to get a frisky fox-terrier out of the way.

"Any way, Betty," I remarked at length, "what would you have me say—uncomplimentary things? For instance," I said, turning to look at her, "tell you that 'Love and a red nose cannot be hid?'—and your nose is red, you know, from the cold! That your ears remind one of the color effect seen in a sunset on an October day? That your hair, generally the crowning glory—"

"Do be quiet, Dick," Betty implored, putting out her little hand to stop my flow of words. "Please stop for my sake. I really didn't mean what I said about your saying horrid things about me. The truth of the matter is, you are far too nice to me—you say things at times which I wish I could believe were true."

Whether there was really a touch of wistfulness in her voice then, or whether it was only a figment of my imagination, I do not know, but it made me wheel around in my seat with such force that I almost separated the tonneau from the chassis.

"What! You really care for me?" I cried, forgetful of everything save that I was there with her and she had said something which set my heart pounding very violently. "Why, Betty! I—"

But just then the machine suddenly swerved somehow to the right, and had not Betty reached out her hand when she did to steady the wheel we would surely have run off the road into as nice a stone fence as ever graced the confines of a millionaire's estate. It was a narrow escape. Poor me! I had forgotten for the moment the very existence of my auto—to say nothing of guiding it.

"Oh, do be more careful, Dick!" she cried, with evident alarm. "See what might have happened just then! Here you are, supposed to do the steering, and yet you calmly look practically everywhere but at the road."

"Yes, I know," I agreed, very humbly; "my negligence is simply shocking at times. But then, you can't blame me, can you—seriously? I'd much rather look at you. The shade of blue in your eyes is most di—"

"Nonsense!" "Very well, then, that settles the matter," I replied, with sudden determination. "I'm going on the strike." So saying, I closed the throttle and applied the brakes.

"What on earth are you going to do now?" she asked, with concern, as the car came to a stop.

"Oh, just let you run it for a while," I answered, indifferently.

Betty was horror-stricken at the thought.

"Me!" she gasped, weakly. "Why, I've never run one in all my life."

"True. That's no reason, though, why you should not learn how now. It's as easy as rolling off a log. Moreover, I'd rather do the talking."

"But I don't know how to manage it, Dick," she persisted, fidgeting uncomfortably in her seat. "Please listen to reason. I don't know the first living thing about an auto, and I might do something wrong—touch some hidden lever or spring—and the thing would run away with me. Just think!"

I laughed—who could help laughing at such a dear, silly little innocent?

"Don't worry about that, Betty," I said, cheerfully. "I'll attend to the levers and springs, as you call them, if only you'll steer and look happy. It won't eat you, you know."

I ordered her this morsel of comfort because she looked so absurdly afraid of the machine.

Betty smiled now. "Well, I'll try it, Dick; but, mind you, you take the consequences. As a chauffeur, I fear I shall not be much of a success."

"I don't know about that," I rejoined, as we changed seats and Betty nervously grasped the wheel with both hands. "Now, don't be scared, little one, for I'm going to start it. Easy now!"

"Oh—oh, Dick, I'm so afraid!" she shrieked as we moved forward. "I know I shall never be able to steer this thing straight. My!—oh, how we wobble from side to side! What has got into it, Dick?—it's acting awfully funny."

"Nothing's wrong, Betty. It's just the way you steer it," I cried.

"But—but it waltzes so. It won't go straight; really, it won't, Dick," she said, desperately. "Help me, please."

I put my hand on the wheel to steady it. Of course it was suspiciously near hers, but, under the circumstances, the act was permissible. Any way, I didn't conceive the present situation for nothing!

"Of course it won't go straight," I explained, bending over attentively, "because you hold the wheel too firmly. You must let it ride lightly through your fingers, for the machine, you know, will almost steer itself; only the slightest pressure on the wheel is necessary to guide it. See—just like this. And now, little girl, keep your wits about you, for I am going to increase the speed just a few miles. You'll like it; just see if you don't!"

The steam pressure was over four hundred pounds, and as I opened the throttle a little wider the car bounded forward with renewed life. How the trees and fences flew past! It seemed as though we should come to the very end of the world in no time. Betty, bending over the wheel, her eyes twinkling with the excitement of it all, was having the ride of her life. She had mastered the art of steering with surprising quickness, and the car was whizzing along over the smooth, hard road as straight and as unerring as the proverbial crow flies. Mile

after mile was covered recklessly, and we gave no thought to the speed at which we were racing. Everything was forgotten save the fact that we were annihilating space and tingling with the joy of living.

Then the unexpected happened, and it happened with all the suddenness that usually characterizes the "unexpected." An eagle-eyed bicycle-cop espied us from afar as we approached the outer boundaries of Yonkers at an unusually lively pace for that locality, and we were doomed, irrevocably.

If we were going ten we were going at least forty miles an hour! Calmly he stepped out into the middle of the road, two or three hundred yards ahead of us, held up his hand for us to stop, and then calmly waited for us to slow down and suffer the penalties prescribed for law-breakers. Oh, what would I not have given at that moment for a flying-machine to snatch us away out of harm's reach! It was not a very brilliant fate I saw staring me in the face, and my heart quailed within me. As for Betty, she was quaking like a leaf.

Reaching over, I turned off the throttle and main-fire valve, and threw on the emergency brake. The car came to a leisurely stop before the mighty minion of the law and I got out. When he saw Betty's pretty face, now alabaster white, he unbent a little.

"It's a pity that a nice young lady like you, miss, will have to go to jail," he said, grimly; "but the law, as you know, miss, ain't no respecter of persons, and I'll have to pull you in, same as I would a man, miss."

"Pull me in?" Betty gasped, unconsciously using his mode of expression. "Why, I—I don't understand!"

"Say, look here, officer," I said, with great composure, coming over to where he stood, beside the machine, leaning on his wheel, "this is carrying things too far. I'm the one you're to deal with in this case, not the young lady; she has nothing—"

"Hey, just hold on a minute, young fellow! She was running it, wasn't she?"

He looked at me as though he could eat me.

"Yes. I can't deny that," I said, with some heat; "but the case ends there as far as she is concerned. The machine is mine, and I'll be much obliged to you if you'll deal directly with me."

"Then I'll have to arrest you both," he announced quietly, in just the tone of voice one might say, "It's just five o'clock," or, "It looks like rain this afternoon."

He reached in the inside pocket of his coat and drew forth a printed pamphlet, which he held up before my astonished gaze for inspection. "Here are the laws, sir. You've broken them and you'll have to take the consequences; I see no other way out of it. The young lady is guilty of running a self-propelled vehicle through the city limits of Yonkers faster than eight miles an hour; and you, young man, will have to pay about one hundred dollars, which is the fine imposed for letting some one, other than a bona-fide, registered chauffeur run your machine on the public highways. It's a clear case against both of you, according to the way I look at it."

I was thunderstruck. Betty was ready to shriek. The cop, however, seemed greatly amused at our plight. After a few gasps I recovered from the shock. "Arrest both of us?" I cried, as if doubting the truth of my senses. "Why, man, that's absurd! Surely you're not playing a joke on us."

He laughed outright at this—it was too much for him. "A joke you say? Well, I don't think you'll laugh much when the magistrate takes your pretty money or gives you the option of spending a few days in jail. If you do, all I've got to say is that you've got a very strange sense of humor."

He was obdurate—there was no use denying that—and things were beginning to look uncomfortably serious. Evidently it was high time that I made a bold dash for liberty, if ever we were going to get out of the scrape with credit to ourselves.

"Now look here, officer," I began in my sweetest tones, taking him sociably by the arm and leading him gently away, at the same time winking at Betty to keep quiet just then, "I want to talk over this matter with you privately if you will spare me a second or two of your valuable time."

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for I want to be out of earshot of the young lady. You understand?" He leaned his bicycle against a tree and we stood to one side of the road, near a stone fence that enclosed a large place at our left.

Then I began my campaign. "Have a panetela?" I inquired, offering him the case and selecting one myself. "No?—oh, you can't smoke on duty? That's too bad. Well, put it away until you can; it'll taste all the better, any way, when you do smoke it." I struck a match and lighted my cigar. "Where do I live?" I repeated, in answer to his question. "Oh, here in New York, of course (puff, puff). I'm stopping temporarily at the Hoffman House, for I expect to go abroad next week (puff) to my honeymoon."

"That is (puff, puff), I hope so—if everything goes well." As I added this I nodded my head meaningly in the direction of Betty, who was sitting quietly at the wheel, her dimpled chin resting in the hollow of her hand and her large eyes fixed on vacancy. I wondered if she was thinking of me then.

The policeman's eyes softened at the picture of dejection she presented, and he looked quizzically for a moment at both of us, but said nothing.

"You see, it's this way," I went on, having suddenly decided to present the case in its true light and to count on his sense of the romantic to see it through properly. "I'm not engaged to the girl yet, but I think I stand a pretty good chance of winning her before I go—you know how things are—you sort of feel it. Well, there is another man in the case, and that is why I was spurred on to do what I did this afternoon. I knew she had a half-planned engagement to see him this evening, and I resolved to break it up somehow—do something to cause a long delay in getting back. My plan, you see, was to pretend that the machine had run out of gasoline, and as soon as we had gone a little beyond Yonkers I was going to work it. But it miscarried, as you observed, through my own stupidity. I tried to teach her how to run the machine on the way out and, unfortunately, forgot all about speed laws and other restrictions."

I flicked off the ash from my cigar. "Guess if you had been in my place, officer, you wouldn't have acted very differently." It was my last shot, and I hoped it would strike home.

I laughed at the irony of the situation and then lapsed into silence for a few moments. I would give him ample time to ponder over what I had just said to him. Betty was still staring into space, thinking, probably, of the fate in store for her should my efforts to humor the man fail utterly, and I was not in a very cheerful frame of mind myself. Seemingly the bicycle-cop was engrossed in the task of unringing about with the tip of his boot a small stone that lay on the ground by the roadside, but I'm sure he was really thinking about a girl, a man, and an auto, and struggling very hard with his conscience—if a policeman may be said to have such a thing.

Finally he looked up from his stone-rolling occupation and a smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. "I'll let you off this time my friend," he said, slowly, looking over significantly at Betty, "though not because you were 'not in the wrong,' as most law-breakers claim to be, but because if I arrest you and your pretty friend I would be doing both a wrong that would bring about no end of trouble."

He reached for his wheel and prepared to mount it. "These things somehow get into the papers and make it decidedly disagreeable for the parties concerned, and I shouldn't like to see her at all uneasy on my account. You see, young fellow," he added, sadly, "I had a little sweetheart of my own once, too, but that's neither here nor there, for she wasn't your kind, like that girl there. She ran away with another fellow, and I never set eyes on her again. So if I let you go this time, my friend, it is for her sake that I do it—remember that. No, don't thank me now, sir," he said with a wave of his hand, "but if you ever win her and get married here in New York I wouldn't mind getting an invite to the wedding. My name is Murray—Thomas J. And now, good luck to you, sir."

"Thanks," I said, gratefully, holding out my hand to him. "I never forget my friends; be sure of that. You'll find my name here."

He took my card, stowed it away in his hat somewhere, and got on his wheel. As he passed down the road he nodded pleasantly to Betty.

"Isn't he going to arrest us?" she cried, gleefully, as I clambered into the seat beside her and started the machine. "Why, Dick, you're a wonder! How did you manage it?"

The flush on her cheeks was very becoming.

"I didn't," I answered simply, coloring under her gaze. "Cupid was at the wheel."

Betty didn't deny it, either—probably because I didn't give her time. I'm sure she must have known all along how I felt and how she felt, for I was able to convince her of just a few things in as many minutes. That part, however, we'll skip for the time being. I will say, though, that Betty managed the little Steamer so erratically after that, that I often had to take a hand in the matter—or, to be exact, two hands. Once, I remember, when we had stopped by the roadside to light the headlights, she said her nose was cold—and I took the hint at once. Betty was always original in her methods, any way!

When finally we reached the city, darkness had long since fallen.

"What about the other man?" I inquired solicitously, as we drew up before her house and I helped her to alight. "He'll be here to call for you at eight, won't he, Betty?"

"No," she laughed, dimpling sweetly. "You can telegraph him that I'm awfully sorry, but I won't be able to keep the engagement this evening. Another, of greater importance," she added, roguishly, "prevents me—though don't for mercy's sake, forget and tell him that, too! Now, hurry back, you old dear; supper'll be ready almost any minute."

And I was off.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Bottled only at the Apollinaris Spring, Neuenahr, Germany, and Only with its Own Natural Gas.

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The Still Small Voice

of quality can always be heard above the noise and din of flashy pretension. Quietly but surely

Granby Rubbers

have gone on piling up their great majority of solid abiding friendship amongst consumers and dealers.

Granby and Quality

have always been synonymous terms in Rubber Footwear, and what our twenty years have joined together no man can put asunder.



VIN MARIANI

The Ideal French Tonic is used by the great Armies and Navies of the world, to prevent sickness, fevers, fatigue, give new blood, restore health, strength and vigor. The "United States Health Reports" say:—"It stimulates body and brain and restores quicker and better than other Tonics, and we have no hesitation in recommending it."

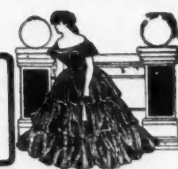
Vin Mariani is not a mere tonic but a reconstructive for fatigued brain and muscle.

All Druggists.

Everywhere.



SEARCH FAR AND WIDE



You'll always find that most of the well dressed men here in town, have their names on our valet list. We invite you to join them.

Fountain, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Cloths Telephone M. 3074. 30-32 Adelaide Street West

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CATARRH

The true Cause and the true Cure.

How and why "Fruit-a-tives" completely eradicate this disease from the system.

Catarrh means inflammation. Ordinary catarrh is inflammation of the nose cavity opening into the throat. This cavity receives all the air going to and from the lungs. Food and drink passes through it to the stomach. And the prime cause of catarrh is indigestion. Because indigestion means an irritated stomach. This irritation spreads to the throat and nose. Belching gas keeps up the inflammation. The blood is impure and badly nourished. And nine times in ten, there is Constipation and poor skin action.

The only way to cure Catarrh is to cure the cause of catarrh. Digestion must be improved—inflammation in stomach soothed—blood purified—and the liver strengthened so it will give up enough bile to make the bowels move regularly every day.

Fruit-a-tives

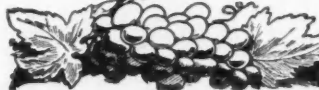
will always cure Catarrh of the throat and nose because these marvellous fruit tablets cure indigestion—sweeten the stomach and eradicate all impurities from the blood by its stimulating and invigorating action on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

Leave sprays, atomisers, powders and snuffs alone. Take "Fruit-a-tives" regularly—be careful of your diet—and catarrh will soon be a thing of the past.

One box of "Fruit-a-tives" will prove how effectively these tablets relieve catarrh—and will do you so much good that you will gladly continue the treatment until cured.

50c. a box or 8 boxes for \$2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. If your drug dealer should not have them.

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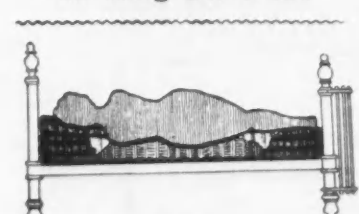
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Fits the body. Rests you all over at once. Never sags. Ventilated. Recommended by Physicians. Get one and sleep right.

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By our system of branches and agencies—more than 400. We have become dyers and cleaners for the people of the country everywhere.

R. PARKER & CO.
Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto,
202 and 204 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 471
and 1324 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.



Lady Gay's Cokum

LONDONER writes: "Won't you pity the sorrows of a poor long-legged man? The other night I went to one of your theaters," (I protest, they aren't mine, or the long-legged man would be considered, for some of my very best have extra long legs!) "and at the end of the first act could no longer stand the cramped position enforced by the narrow space between the seats. I climbed over two women and a man to get a chance to stretch my legs; when it was time to return I climbed back, and endured the torture through two more acts; then, with an explanation to the scowling females, I climbed across them once more, getting a deep jab from a hat pin in the lap of one of them, and perforce hearing the cattish remark of the other, 'I'm glad he has a cramp in his leg, after walking three times on my feet.' Of course, I did not dare to return, but stood with several others during the last act at the back of the theater, where at least, though weary, I was not in acute pain." The complaint of my friend the Londoner recalls what I heard another man say at Sunday supper on this subject. He cited the new Gaiety Theater in London as the acme of comfort in regard to seats. Some years ago a Toronto theater was being done up, and some one represented to the owner (since deceased) that the granting of a few inches more space between the rows of stalls would make the theatergoer glad. His order to the architect later on was: "Put in all the seats you can," which shows that he didn't cultivate just the spirit the man who remonstrated beforehand desired. The same notion seems to have influenced those who seated Massey Hall, and it is only in some of the churches that one gets room to avoid cramp in the legs. I can only sympathize deeply (six-feet-four deep, indeed) with the long-legged Londoner who had that bad time at the theater, and adjure him for the future to try and get an aisle seat, where he'll experience how nice it is to have "twenters" crawl over him.

A girlie writes: "How true it is that one doesn't value Christmas gifts intrinsically and how you just hit me on the head, Lady Gay, when you said one would not always want to tell which gift one liked best. For my part, and I'm not afraid to say it under cover of 'anonymity' (is there such a word?), the thing I most prized cost about ten cents, but it has given me all life has of the best, a hint of some one's devotion. And just because I can't keep still about it, and don't dare yet to tell my dearest chum, I am sitting here babbling to you, knowing you'll laugh at me, but not caring. Who could help laughing at the dear fool? 'All life has of the best,' a hint! Musha, musha, but that's a shadow of it only. Wait, darlin', wait—there's better than that in life; a hint is all right for to-day, but there's to-morrow, with more than hints. Hint, indeed! 'Tis a mean little slip of a word, just look at it! However, 'twill keep you smiling and me laughing at you for a bit, but blessed, loving little idiot, I would there were more like you hereabouts."

People aren't necessarily objectionable because they are rich, and yet to hear ravings against money, money, in quarters unblest by spondulics, one would sometimes fancy so. If new-rich people are good-looking, don't dare to put it in print. It may be true, but it will rouse some of the shriekers, and you'll receive a sorting. There's no limit to the meanness of what they will say. They will go back decades and unearth the fact that such and such rich people worked at various unduly despised callings, and fling it in your startled face with an energy that seems convincing. It is often really a case of pot and kettle, as a trifling research reveals. The real thing doesn't seek to throw mud at anyone, whatever their ancestry, if so be the latest arrival behave itself seemly. Diamonds in unkempt hair are much more objectionable than the same aggressive flairs on the latest dream of coiffuredom on the very last arrival at the gate of social Paradise. Cockades on certain "unauthorized" coachmen are not even a crime, when no one really has the power to forbid them, and when they flourish unrebuked on other hats where they have equally no right to be. Ropes of pearls, whether made of staple products, stocks or brains, should not arouse shrewish and damaging remarks. Let them rope, gleam and twist, and let you and me keep our hair on! Although I never owned nor never expect to own any rope but a clothesline or a skipping rope, the sight of some newcomer decked in a many-thousand-dollar rope doesn't affect my liver. On the contrary, I freely surrender myself to admiration of the sweet gems (if possible, including the owner), and lay me down to sleep at peace with fortune. It is all so silly, this valuation and girding and spite, that it really pays to look at it humorously, take out its stings while you have it turned on its back, and let it go with a hearty laugh. If one will be pin-headed, there is nothing to say, but above all let us not take it seriously. It really isn't wise to do so.

What do you think? is a question one should meet very warily. The other day I had to call a halt upon a girl who was absolutely putting me through such a catechism as I haven't had since I wore long skirts. Beware of the person who demands your opinion on all sorts of questions. Of course it's easy to look stupid, and say you don't know, or to evade answer. These two courses invariably appeal to me, being Irishisms, but sometimes it is possible to call a halt on the quizzier and show him or her the enormity of the crime of mental highway robbery. Fortunately, my girl was sweet-tempered and didn't turn cranky, but one could see the habit of quizzing was second nature, and hard to deny. Your opinions are the last and most unbecoming things you can wear. Even when they are favorable they may be wrong, otherwise they often are. Keep them under lock and key, there are enough of the half-baked, ill-judged, spiteful wrong-headed things flying about belonging to other people!

LADY GAY.

France's Lucky Street.

The inhabitants of the Rue Beau-drière, Angers, are all waiting their turn to receive a visit from Dame Fortune. Less than two years ago the tenant of No. 78 won 100,000 francs in a lottery; last year the tenant in

Ask yourself if Stomach, Liver and Bowels are in their best condition for the long winter. If not, you know what will put them right—and keep them right. A morning glass of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

25c and 60c a bottle. At druggists everywhere

ately, my girl was sweet-tempered and didn't turn cranky, but one could see the habit of quizzing was second nature, and hard to deny. Your opinions are the last and most unbecoming things you can wear. Even when they are favorable they may be wrong, otherwise they often are. Keep them under lock and key, there are enough of the half-baked, ill-judged, spiteful wrong-headed things flying about belonging to other people!

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No. 80 was similarly favored; and a week or two ago the tenant of No. 79 was informed that one of his Municipal Bonds of 1885 had come out with a premium of 100,000 francs. The furniture shop of M. Moreau, shown on the left of the photograph, is No. 82; the next building is No. 80, a paper shop; and the next, No. 78, a jeweller's. No. 79 is part of the shop Palais du Marchand, which is opposite.

Fully Protected.

Pat Casey and his friend Michael Cassidy were unloading the van in their usual haphazard fashion, and were handling one barrel very carelessly. "Hi, there," said the man in charge of the job, "be very careful with that! It's gunpowder!" "And phwy?" queried Pat, taking the opportunity of an instant's rest and an argument. "Why should we handle gunpowder wid sich partic'lar care?" "Well, don't you know that a barrel of that same gunpowder exploded last year, and blew ten men to smithereens?" roared the foreman. "Oh, then, be easy!" said Pat. "Sure, it couldn't do that now! There's only two av us here!"

If there is really so much room at the top, some of us exhibit great cleverness in finding any place at all at the bottom.

WORKS WITHOUT FAITH

Faith Came After the Works Had Laid the Foundation.

A Bay State belle talks thus about coffee: "While a coffee-drinker I was a sufferer from indigestion and intensely painful nervous headaches, from childhood."

"Seven years ago my health gave out entirely. I grew so weak that the exertion of walking, if only a few feet, made it necessary for me to lie down. My friends thought I was marked for consumption—weak, thin and pale."

"I realized the danger I was in, and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me."

"While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum Food Coffee, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found it was a most delicious and refreshing beverage, I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream."

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion ceased to trouble me, and my headache stopped entirely. I am so perfectly well now that I do not look like the same person, and I have so gained in flesh that I am 15 pounds heavier than ever before."

"This is what Postum has done for me. I still use it and shall always do so." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

SENSE AND NONSENSE ABOUT CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

ONE form of the protean flattery paid by sycophancy to success is the magazine article lauding captains of industry as demigods, quite superior to the ordinary frailties of the flesh. Such an article, for instance, is the one on Paul Morton in a recent "Cosmopolitan." The writer of that article calls Mr. Morton "a human dynamo," and then, carrying out the analogy, portrays with many superlatives and in language that is always at a climax an ideal and absurd personification of strenuousness. From the article one gets an impression of Mr. Morton as a being that never reposes. From dawn to midnight, according to the writer of the article, he is a very whirlwind of work; and his correspondence alone, dictated by himself, keeps six secretaries busy. Withal, the person described as Paul Morton in this article is a reader and lover of poetry and of good literature, although it is not made clear how a person so exceedingly busy finds leisure for literary pleasures. Even for a captain of industry the day contains only twenty-four hours.

No doubt Mr. Morton is a very energetic person, and possesses all those virtues that make for thrift and are commercially useful. He has attained a high position in business for a man under 50, or for any man. But Mr. Morton's biographers in the magazines would describe a more amiable man if they allowed to Mr. Morton some of the genial weaknesses of human nature, instead of presenting to us an automaton that rises early, retires late and spends the intervening hours in dictating letters to six secretaries and drumming up business for a railroad or an insurance company. One would like to hear of Paul Morton that he yields sometimes to wintry mornings to the flesh so far as to take forty winks in the morning after the alarm clock has sounded the reveille. It would be cheering to learn that Paul Morton, instead of being always a "human dynamo" going at full speed, idles for a day or two once in a while. It is not necessary to make him unhuman in order to convince the public of his ability, or in order to make a striking and stimulating magazine article.

The article on Morton is only one of a class. When a writer for a magazine undertakes to tell his readers about a man eminent in public life he owes a duty to tell the whole truth, to print a characterization, not solely a panegyric; and this requires that he set forth the limitations and faults as well as the talents and virtues of his hero.

"Might Have!"

I have lived my life, and I face the end—
But that other life I might have led?
Where lay the road, and who was its friend?
And what was the goal, when the years were fled?

Where lay the road? Did I miss the turn?
The friend unknown? Our greetings unsaid?
And the goal unsought? Shall I never learn
What was that life I might have led?

As the spring's last look, for one dear day
From skies autumnal on earth may bend,
So lures me that other life—but, nay!
I have lived my life, and I face the end.

—Edith M. Thomas, in the "Smart Set."

Tact.

Kind words may be more than coronets, and simple faith may beat Norman blood to a standstill; but, after all, tact is the possession most dear and most useful to the human race. Mr. Daniels thought so too.

When he left the house he had left Mrs. Daniels with a lady friend, whose abilities as a scandal-monger and mischief-maker are pre-eminent. When he returned he just poked his head into the drawing-room. "That old cat gone, I suppose," he said, with a sigh of relief. For just an instant there was a dreadful silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony glare of the lady who had been in his mind. Then Mrs. Daniels spoke quite calmly.

"The old cat," she said. "Oh, yes, dear! I sent it to the Cats' Home in a basket first thing this morning!"

A Human Convenience.

A certain Western railroad which has not yet been "reorganized" by Wall street is still owned and operated by the blunt-spoken old lumberman who built it. Last year, after a particularly severe accident upon it, the agent for an automatic block signal system called and tried to get a contract for installation.

The old lumberman examined the device attentively, and seemed much interested. "Your chief engineer recommends it highly," said the agent. "He told me to use his name with you, and he would see you later."

"Wall," said the lumberman, "I reckon it is a pretty machine. I like to sit here and see it work myself, it's so all-fired sure. But come to using it on my road—now, young feller, I've been running a railroad some longer'n you, and I'll tell you something."

"Accidents is bound to happen about once in so often, no matter what you do. I've got three brakemen in jail now, and I've vowed to hang the next one, and the public is pretty well satisfied. But what satisfaction is it going to be for anyone if I go to work and hang an old automatic machine?"

Hypocrisy's favorite rôle is that of a good fellow.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE.

SITUATED on one of the highest and most remote peaks of the Monte Diablo Range, are the spotless, symmetrical and solitary buildings of the Lick Observatory, the ambition, fame and tomb of its great founder, James Lick. There, over 4,000 feet up the sloping sides of Mount Hamilton, shut off from all the bustling world beneath, is the powerful and renowned Universe Discoverer, the thirty-six-inch equatorial, which is ever adding to the world's greatest astronomical discoveries.

Mount Hamilton lies some forty miles inland from the Pacific, in the picturesque valley of Santa Clara, California. Connecting its summit with the outer world is one of the finest American roads. From that quaint yet typical California town, San Jose, it passes through the tropical Santa Clara Valley to the foothills with their heavy, fragrant foliage on every side which becomes less and less as it twists and turns among the higher and wilder scenery of the summit.

The buildings themselves are simple yet most impressive, being constructed of light bricks, made from earth not a stone's throw from their present location. The main building consists of the two large domes of the thirty-six and twelve-inch telescopes, connected by the long one-story building wherein are housed the clockroom, workshops, offices and library. Scattered here and there are numerous other buildings.

Overlooking these wonderful works of man is the high crest of a neighboring peak, where Nature lives in all her glory, yet where man has left his marks. High upon its summit is the immense reservoir wherein is generated the power for moving the great seventy-five-foot dome, winding the complicated and delicate driving-clocks of the telescopes and raising the heavy iron sixty-foot movable floor.

Inside of this immense dome, where science and knowledge reign supreme, stands the king of discoverers with its piercing and powerful eye ever pointing to the regions unknown, while at its foundation lie the remains of its generous founder. The telescope is fifty-eight feet long and its aperture is thirty-six inches. Just what the work was to construct such an immense instrument can readily be imagined when it is stated that it required over five years for the expert, Feil of Paris, to cast successfully the rough glass. Even to the present day its erection is considered a triumph in astrophysics.

To mention all that has been accomplished at this secluded mountain observatory would mean to compile many volumes, each larger than our family Bible. It is sufficient, therefore, to state that, although a considerable number of new nebulae have been located and wonderful researches and discoveries have been made relative to the physical appearances of many of the planets, and the occultations of the stars, etc., its greatest triumph or gift to science was, perhaps, the discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, by Professor Barnard. Not since 1610 had an additional satellite of Jupiter been found. But almost as important as this has been the thorough and valuable advancement of astrophotography by means of that accurate, transferable and always visible eye. By this means the slightest changes are noted and preserved. In many cases, when a great observation is of but a few seconds' duration it is caught by this means and held in captivity to await the pleasure and desire of the great scientists. In this manner its actual effect or presence is copied and sent to all other centers of science and knowledge to be studied.

The Lick Observatory stands second to none in the world in photographic research. Other valuable and totally original discoveries are those of the faint star within the trapezium, the double star, ninety-five Ceti, and the motion of nebulae in the line of sight.

Just how James Lick, once a poor Pennsylvania Dutch piano-maker, after hoarding a large fortune in California real estate, became possessed of a desire to endow the world with "a telescope superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made" is yet to be solved. He was not a great reader or student, he was not a spiritualist or believer in the old astrologers, yet he startled and ultimately enriched the world with his great endowment.

And so it continues in this quiet workshop of the heavens, where society and entertainments are unknown, but where science and knowledge triumph; where pleasure and the outer world are felt only by the coming and going of the 5,000 visitors who venture here during the year. Here the few astronomers and assistants, together with their families, remain, ever searching the millions of worlds above, absolutely oblivious of the grand view below; the faint white-crowned outline of the distant Sierra Nevada, the deep ravines thousands of feet below filled with the soft blue atmosphere such as only California knows, the high church towers of San Jose and a glimpse of the blue waters of the Pacific. It is as Ruskin so beautifully states, "Science lives only in quiet places."

The Far-Sighted Scot.

An American and a Scotchman were on a high hill in Scotland and the Scotchman was bragging of the extent of view. "I suppose you can see America from here on a fine day," said the American, chaffingly. "Oh, aye, further than that," was the reply. "Further than that?" "Aye! on a fine night we can see the mune."

A Recommendation.

Shopper—Is this perfume strong? Languid Shopgirl—Yes, madam. We guarantee that the odor can be perceived in a motor-car.

Just Common Sense

Armour's Extract of Beef

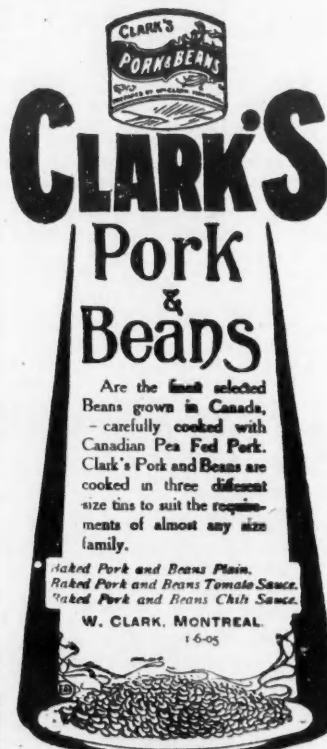
will simplify many household difficulties, reduce your table expenses, and add several dishes to your daily menu without additional expense.

"Culinary Wrinkles" tells how to use Armour's Extract of Beef in the kitchen, with the chafing dish, and in the sick-room. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2c. stamp.

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The Robert Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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King St. West

HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
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J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
152 Bloor St. East.

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This competition is open to both advanced students and amateurs. All drawings must be made from LIFE. All specimens must be in our hands for decision and judgment by February 15th. No production arriving later than this date will be considered.

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The first and second prizes will entitle the competitors to ONE YEAR'S FREE STUDY in our school under expert instruction and criticism. Those awarded the remaining prizes will each be given ONE YEAR'S study in our school for \$25.00. This is an excellent opportunity for you to get a thoroughly modern training in a high-class school of art. If you desire to compete, please fill in and return to us the attached coupon. For further particulars, please, write or call.

Metropolitan School of Art Bank of Hamilton Chambers
Yonge and Gould Streets, Toronto. Phone M. 6139.

COUPON

Metropolitan School of Art, Toronto:
Draw \$100.00 to enter your Free Scholarship Competition and will have my specimen in your hands not later than February 15th.

Name.....
Address.....

THE THREE ELMS.

By Henry Normanby.

THEY were of equal age and beauty, the three elms, and the memory of man failed and became extinct before it reached back through the years to the hour of their nativity. They were gracious to the sight, and their leaves made slumbrous music in the soft night breeze. A great brotherhood of souls was theirs, a sublime patience, an unflinching charity to every living thing. They stretched their arms hospitably, and the birds of the air came into them and made them their home. They lifted their heads in the sunlight and whispered their secrets beneath the moon. The compassionate rain brought them their peace, and the harsh winds of winter moved them not to anger. In the days of their youth young children climbed about them and made merry in their branches, and in the fulness of time grew up to manhood and went their ways, forgetting them. But the three elms remained and remembered.

Together they grew in their statelyness and strength, and toil was not theirs, neither sorrow, nor suffering. War and strife passed by them unheeding, leaving them to their august repose. Theirs was an added glory to the landscape, a culminating beauty to the wide stretch of verdurous earth. In the deep shade bestowed by them tired cattle found coolness and rest, and young lambs nestled therein, and the wayfarer unburdened himself and slept. Beneath them, in the rich autumnal noontide, aged children of the earth sat in contentment, becoming drowsily reminiscent, telling of the days of their adolescence, far back in the hazy region of the past.

Removed from all discord of commerce, they towered high and broadened nobly, and the green of their leaves was unswayed by the mire of cities and the noxious exhalations of factories. In the long June nights the benediction of their arms was given freely to the lovers who plighted troth in their spacious midst, and at eventide, in the great silence of winter, having cast off their garment of leaves, they slumbered.

It was theirs, each one of them, to have an austere destiny, to take great part in the triumphant march of the world, to determine the tragedies of the lives of men, to be the agents of love and sorrow, of despair and death. They knew it not, the three elms, as they grew together in the sunlight, stretching out their long arms, touching and caressing each other.

The slow years passed away, beckoning to the children of the earth who unwillingly followed them, and the three elms grew old. Many generations of men had lived and died, and the land of Change lay desolately upon their land.

A railway had marred their peace and broken their solitude and the horrible din of machinery drowned the sibilant whisper of their voices. These innovations weighed upon them with exceeding heaviness, their brows became furrowed, their limbs bent and distorted, and the bright green of their leaves dulled and discolored: their hands trembled as stricken of the palsy, and they nodded feebly and without meaning.

Yet high above the discordant railway and the reverberating workshops they towered majestically. Still they stretched out their majestic arms, and still they gave an added glory to the landscape, a culminating beauty to the earth.

At length, in the full blaze of high summer, men approached the trees and stood in their serene shade. They spoke together long and earnestly, as those who do business in merchandise, and measured them with tapes and rods.

With coarse speech and rude jest they laid sacrilegious hands on the fathers of the forest, and the three elms knew that their hour had come. Sublime in their stately grace and dignity they asked no mercy, no consideration. It was sufficient that it had to be.

Presently the men returned with axes with which they struck at the trees, foully and insolently. The other trees looked on in dull amazement. Blow after blow the men struck, paused to rest awhile, then smote again and again. For a space the Patriarchs gave no sign, then the wind blew upon them and they groaned, for the wind, which

hitherto had assailed them in vain, now had power upon them and wrought with it grievously to their undoing. Still the men went on striking and cutting into them, deeply and cruelly, and the wind, gathering in resolution, pressed heavily and bowed their majestic heads. They swayed awhile, leaned widely, then, with a stupendous uproar of tearing wood, fell lifeless upon the earth. Side by side they lay in their calamity, even as they had stood together in their strength and beauty.

Nevertheless, it was supremely theirs to have an austere destiny, to march magnificently through the centuries, to symbolize the tragedies of the lives of men, to be the august agents and accomplices of love and sorrow, of desolation and death.

Their broad, beneficent arms no longer stretched widely; their bright green leaves no longer whispered sweet secrets beneath the moon; their majestic crests no longer towered above the world. Shorn of their strength, disfigured and mutilated, they lay silent upon the moist green earth.

Presently they were borne away in carts to the railway, chained ignominiously to vile trucks, and dragged swiftly through the peaceful country to a great and turbulent city. Here they were separated. It was the last of their associated misfortunes. Through all the changes of the fateful years they had grown up together. Every joy and every sorrow, every triumph and every vicissitude, had been equally shared by them. The same benign showers had fallen upon them; the same soft winds had caressed them; the same flowers had breathed over them; the same fair children had gambled beneath their branches; the same dew had cooled them; the same birds had slept in the shelter of their leaves. Now, in their death, they were divided; the Fates had spoken and the austere destiny of each was about to be fulfilled.

The first was taken to a large prison, and of it was built a gibbet, whereon doomed men, haggard-eyed, were strangled. It was cast about with horror and darkness and desolation. Men passed it shudderingly, with averted eyes; women wept at the thought of it; children were not allowed to look upon it; the very hangman hurried away from its appalling presence. The lost men who were taken to it saw in its face the abandonment of hope.

The light of the sun never more fell upon it; no longer did it hearken to the sound of laughter and song; no longer again did the pure air of heaven whisper its benison over its head. Yet, since it stood as the dread symbol of human justice, since by its means was carried out the due punishment of sin, and since it alone heard the last whisper of dying men, its destiny was austere.

The second was purchased by a shipwright, and of it was fashioned a fishing-boat. It was dedicated to the high office of Toil, and by night and by day, in summer and winter, sunshine and rain, wind and bitter sleet, it sailed the sea, spoiling it of its treasure of food, doing battle with it valiantly for ever. It was the home of lonely men, going with them wheresoever they went, protecting them from the violence of the tempest and the unreasoning raging of the sea. It carried for them that which they perilously wrested from the clutch of the waters, and they put their trust in it, placing their lives in its keeping, loving it. In no wise did it betray their sublime faith, for, when at length, after long years of patient labor, borne always without anger and without complaint, the might of the sea was greater than it could withstand, and the wild rush of the wind swifter than it could out-fly—when, on a tempestuous night, its strength failed and the sea conquered, it perished with them. Together they went down into the uttermost depths of the sea, lying cold and forgotten in the great waters.

Yet, since it performed its task nobly and without hope of reward, since women blessed it and men trusted to it not in vain, and since, at the end, it perished without fear and undeserving of reproach, its destiny was austere.

The third and last elm was hurried away at night to the most squalid part of a squalid town, where dwelt an old man—ragged, mole-like, cadaverous.



THE JILT.

An Unpublished Drawing by Phil May.

He worked long and arduously, and often into the deep watches of the night, for the merchandise wherein he had dealings was in constant and hurried demand. His work-place was a cellar, damp and dreary, and ill-lit by a dingy oil-lamp. He had a wife and children, and he buried the dead to support the living. Day after day, and month after month, and year after year he toiled, this old man, making coffins of elm, wherein were hidden the dead, that men might behold them no more. His customers were the poor and broken in spirit, and his cellar was wet with the tears of the afflicted. With a rare foresight he made his own coffin, that his widow might be spared the expense of purchasing it. To him came the bereaved, fresh from the fragrance and living sweetness of the sunlit fields. He cut it up into short pieces and of them fashioned his wares. It made many of them, and many was not enough. And so, bit by bit, it was taken away and returned to the earth whence it came; and the last coffin that was carried out of that dreadful cellar took with it him who had fashioned it.

Yet, since it alone assuaged the suffering of their pain, lifted the burden from the heavy-laden, and brought the weary into their appointed rest; since its place was the place of mourning and lamentation, its speech the low cry of the afflicted, and its silence the unbroken stillness of the grave, since for ever with it marched surely Death, its destiny was austere indeed.—"Grand."

WHY DRAMATIC CRITICS ARE AFTER GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

NEW YORK dramatic critics are just now essaying the difficult task of taking the conceit out of George Bernard Shaw. The opportunity came to them on the first night of the production of "John Bull's Other Island," the latest of his plays to be produced in this country, and the avidity with which they seized upon it shows that they have been lying in wait for him this many a day. An unfavorable criticism in itself is not the sort of thing to deprive the playwright of his rest, but the New York critics have at last punctured his woollen armor in a tender spot. They have branded "John Bull's Other Island" with the deadly stigma of dullness. Shaw revels in the accusation of immorality, and is used to being considered a revolutionist, but never before has he been called dull, and it must make him writhe.

Shaw is not the discoverer of the commercial value of egotism in a literary man, but he is a past master in the application of the principle. His sublime conceit has given him substantial returns in English pounds and American dollars; his daily bread is buttered with egotism, so these cunning critics have attacked the very source of his livelihood. Oscar Wilde, a fellow countryman of Shaw's, distinguished by the same overweening self-consciousness, thought that he said the worst thing possible about any literary production when he described it as "tedious." Tediousness was to Wilde the unforgivable sin in writing or talking, and George Bernard Shaw has always expressed himself to the same general purpose. Now that he has given the critics a chance to apply to himself the hated epithet, they have grasped their pens with vindictive zeal and scrawled it all over his production. They are trying to take the conceit out of him.

All this is the most natural thing in the world. When a man stands forth in public and proclaims himself a genius, when he flouts accepted opinions and employs all his ingenuity in overturning pet theories and shocking pet prejudices, when he writes unblushingly, "I have wit in my head, skill in my hand and a higher life for my aim," and explains his superiority to Shakespeare, it is not in human nature to feel anything but resentment toward him. No quality is a more necessary adjunct to greatness than egotism, for it is a truism that

applies to everyone, except some few saints who won the honor of the altar through their humility, that the world will not think much of anyone unless he thinks a great deal of himself. And yet there is no quality which men more carefully conceal from view. When a fellow man without the regard for the deities insists on spelling himself with a capital I, and confesses his intense belief in his own cleverness, he arouses instinctive opposition, for he has betrayed all human nature in its favorite stronghold. Shaw has done this persistently, so persistently that he has come to be admired for his eccentricity and originality even while he has been hated for his egotism and conceit.

It is not likely that much sympathy will be extended to Shaw for these sudden onslaughts of the dramatic critics. He is not the sort of man one feels sorry for, nor is it at all probable that he would welcome any expressions of commiseration. The Atlantic is not wide enough to save him from the sting of this latest criticism, and he will suffer, but it will be in private. And there is not the slightest doubt that his egotism and conceit will survive the attack.

How Opera-Glasses Aid Hearing.

"Will you please repair them as soon as possible," said a lady who had taken a pair of opera-glasses to an optician, "as I cannot hear very well without them."

Another customer who was waiting smiled at the apparent mistake. "She meant that she couldn't see," she observed.

"No, I don't think so," rejoined the optician. "Opera-glasses are an aid to hearing as well as to sight. As long as you keep the singer under scrutiny with the glasses you will be able to follow the words of the song with ease. Drop the glasses, and you will notice a difference. It will require more or less of a strain to catch the enunciation distinctly."

"By the use of opera-glasses a theater patron is enabled to note distinctly every movement of a singer's lips, and the unconscious lip reading will greatly aid the sense of hearing."

He Knew the Signs.

They were playing in a vacant lot at the corner. Suddenly a woman's voice rent the air:

"Will-lee!"

They played on peacefully.

"Will-lee!"

One of them stirred uncomfortably and looked at the other.

"Will-lee-ee-ee!"

The uncomfortable one spoke.

"Say, don't you hear your mother callin' you?"

Willie answered placidly:

"Oh, yes, I hear her—but she ain't callin' very mad yet."

Harmony.

There is in a Western town an "All Souls' Unitarian Church. Its struggle for life is a hard one and many ways and means of raising money have been resorted to by its small but faithful band of followers. One of the latest is to rent the church for half the time to the Christian Scientists. So now on one side of the church door appears a modest sign announcing to the passer-by that Unitarian services are held there at certain hours, while on the other side appears a similar sign telling of the Scientist services. A clever young lawyer who chanced to be passing the church with a friend

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The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th prox., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
D. M. STEWART,
General Manager.

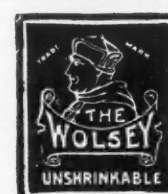
Toronto, 9th January, 1906.

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soon after the two new signs were installed read both, then said with a smile:

"All Souls—No matter!"

ALLEGED HUMOR.

It takes a wise resident of Santo Domingo to tell from day to day whether he is a patriot or a rebel.

Currency reform may work wonders, but it will never be able to change the character of tainted money.

The saddest feature of Bob Fitzsimmons' domestic troubles is that they came too late to serve as an advertisement for his last fight.

Philadelphia has furnished convincing evidence of her reform. A contractor in that city has just donated \$1,295.50 to the "conscience fund."

Jim Hill, the Northern Pacific railway magnate, is out with a denunciation of high tariff. This, of course, has no reference to freight schedules.

Senator Tillman is savagely attacking President Roosevelt, but wild jabs with a pitchfork are as nothing compared to well-directed blows with a big stick.

Right in the midst of the arduous task of sharpening his sword, Emperor Wilhelm stopped long enough to send a Bible to a church just erected in New York.

"Old Goldrox has gone bankrupt." "You don't say! What was the trouble?" "Spent all his money trying to learn how to live the simple life."

"Would you marry a woman who had sued another man for breach of promise?" "Well, it would depend largely on how much the jury had compelled him to pay her."

Russia is in desperate straits, Austria is almost frantic with political dissension, and France and Germany are getting ready to spring at each other's throats. And still the Sublime Porte smiles.

It is said that the successor of the present Governor of Alaska will be W. B. Hoggett. Despite the suggestion contained in his name, there is no truth in the rumor that Mr. Hoggett is a Gotham life insurance official.

"Have you seen Professor Gableton, the scientist, lately?" "Yes, I listened to him for more than an hour at the club last night." "Indeed! What was he talking about?" "He didn't say."

"So your niece is married? Did she do well?" "Oh, my, yes! Why, they got money enough out of the duplicate presents alone to pay the rent of their flat for a year in advance."

"What shall we do with the trust promoter just brought in?" asked the

receiving officer of the penitentiary, addressing the warden. "That's easy," answered the wise guardian of the State's guests. "Put him to work on the pumps."

A Denver man has invented a device that will prevent listening on party telephone lines. This will rob some persons of the joy of living.

One of the diverting phases of this Albany insurance investigation is the discovery of so many astounding things that Albany was aware of all along.

"Have you much room in your new flat?" "Room! Mercy me, I should think not. Why, our kitchen and dining-room are so small that we have to use condensed milk."

He—Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes? She—I don't know. You might ask Miss Turner. She has had experience in both capacities.

The New York tax assessor announces that Andrew Carnegie heads the list of Gotham property-holders. This is another bit of conclusive evidence that Charles F. Murphy, the modest leader of Tammany Hall, does not care for fame.

"I must warn you, Bridget," said Mrs. Nuritch, "to see that the peas are thoroughly mashed." "Mashed, is it?" remarked the new cook, in surprise. "Yes, Mr. Nuritch is so high strung, you know, they make him nervous when they roll off his knife."

"Everybody, you know, eats his peck of dirt before he dies." "That was the ancient estimate. You're a hundred years behind the times. In these days of dairy farms, sausage factories, pie bakeries, railway lunch counters, glue jellies and fruit canneries, everybody eats his peck of dirt once a month."

A Matter of No Consequence.

Maid—Please, mum, the baby has gone and turned the jug of cream all over me best dress.

Mistress—Never mind, Bridget; we can use the condensed milk.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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THE DRAMA.

ALMOST two months ago the Fire King gave a performance at Shea's Theater, which resulted in that popular resort being closed for repairs. Last Monday afternoon there was a larger crowd than ever to see the first performance in the renovated theater, which certainly looks as good as new, and which leaves little to be desired save more fresh air. The audience began to arrive at high noon and by two o'clock standing room was the only accommodation afforded. As usual, the feminine element was in the majority, and pale blue chiffon ties were a drug in the market. Fredo and Dare, musical comedians, open the programme with a varied selection, of which the question, "Are you angry, Albert?" seems to be the dominant chord. The over-worked Hamilton joke appears the first thing and bows its aged head in greeting. The witticism, "Love is intoxication, but marriage is delectable tremors," is the most brilliant effort of these entertainers, whose efforts are too prolonged. Les Auberts, who are declared to be European artists, give an exhibition of whirlwind dancing, which is more bewildering than graceful. They are succeeded by Seymour and Hill, acrobatic comedians, who play their little part with much vivacity, although the gentleman's hair is unduly red and the lady's roses are unpleasantly pink. There is decidedly too much of commonest buffoonery about this affair, but the audience seems to be gratified by the exhibition. LeRoy and Woodford as conversational jesters are quite successful in their remarks, a few of them being new. The reference to the young man who was a "diamond merchant selling peanuts on the ball-ground" calls for loud applause. Valerie Bergere and Co., present *Carmen* as a one-act romantic drama, in a fervid quarter of an hour, during which Miss Bergere gives a glowing interpretation of the gypsy girl whose life is freedom, love and fight, and whose dusky charms are quite enough to turn the head of *Don Jose, Escamillo* and many another. The playlet is effectively staged and is easily the best feature of the programme. The Piccolo Midgets are a most grotesque little quartette whose musical and acrobatic efforts meet with the approval usually bestowed upon such mites of humanity. They are extremely clever small folk, who look as if they ought to be going to school or playing marbles instead of entertaining the grown-ups. Dan Quinlan and Kellar Mack appear in a bit of comedy called *The Travelling Dentist*, which introduces a novel skit of rather agonizing suggestion. The wit is of a very poor and obvious sort, but even Democritus could not make a joke out of a dental operation. Humanity holds such scenes in too tender recollection to enjoy a tooth-drawing performance. Howard's ponies and dogs afford excellent entertainment and ought to be introduced earlier in the programme, although the prayer feature might be omitted to the advantage of the act. The cinematograph is as thoroughly popular as in the old days and reveals a Kentucky feud in three parts, which makes a thrilling close for the first vaudeville in 1906.

Peggy from Paris, a musical comedy written by George Ade, is by long odds the best of this season's offerings at the Grand. It is written in the fresh and breezy style characteristic of the author, and provides pure and undiluted merriment from start to finish. It is avowedly a satire upon the American tendency to pay extravagant homage to foreign artists and neglect native talent. *Peggy Plummer*, an American girl, born in the prosaic village of Hickory Creek, Illinois, has been to Paris and returns to America heralded as *Mlle. Fleuret*. *Carmell*, a premiere danseuse of the French stage, consequently the American people go wild over her. When her father, sister and former lover come from Hickory Creek she is unwilling to recognize them for fear of revealing her American birth. Her father is positive that she is his daughter and humorous misunderstandings ensue when *Peggy* tries to palm off her maid, *Sophie Blots*, as the real *Peggy Plummer*. Finally in the last act *Peggy* acknowledges her parent, and the curtain descends to the ever-appropriate moral, "If you are born in Hickory Creek do not try to come from Paris." In this play George Ade has abundantly lived up to his reputation as a humorist. It is difficult to reproduce the flavor of his wit, as it consists of apt and vividly pictorial words, not of well turned phrases. Of course *Peggy from Paris* abounds in slang but it is slang of an original and highly pictorial type, which is undoubtedly clever even if it grate harshly on ultra-fastidious ears. Apart from the humorous quality of the dialogue and the comic effect of the situations the play is a great success as a musical comedy. It is a laughable paradox that a piece which is nothing more or less than an elaborate satire on the methods of musical comedy, is itself a highly successful musical comedy. Of course it has not the airy and fantastic grace of the best English musical comedy, but it possesses considerable dramatic qualities and is true to American life. The company presenting *Peggy from Paris* is an excellent one. The chorus are well trained, attractive and sing well. Arthur Deacon as *Reginald Hickey*, errand boy and janitor, showed great talent as a comedian and made a hit with the audience. Tuffa West as *Peggy* was an emphatic success, and her rendering of *Juliet's* death scene as an encore was a clever bit of acting. Olivette Haynes as *Sophie Blots*, a very diminutive



LULU GLASER AND AN OCTETTE OF FOREIGN NOBLEMEN WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO SELL THEIR TITLES FOR MONEY. SCENE FROM ACT I. IN *MISS DOLLY DOLLARS*.

Gretchen, reminded one of *Fi Fi* in the *Chinese Honey-moon*, and was equally as entertaining. Her song *Henny*, is one of the features of the play. There are a great many extremely entertaining comic songs, the best of which were *Helen from Helena*, *King Janitor*, and *The Advertising Dream*. There are many other good things as well. In short *Peggy from Paris* is one of the most laughable and hilarious farces we have seen for a long time. A pleasing feature of the play is the whole company's singing of our National Anthem at the fall of the curtain.

The week of Shakespeare to be given by Ben Greet and his company at Massey Hall, beginning February 5th, is already arousing much interest. A special matinee of children will be given on Tuesday, February 6th, when *The Merchant of Venice* will be presented. The week's performance will open with *Macbeth* on Monday night, which will be produced on Friday night also. *Much Ado About Nothing* will be given on Tuesday evening, *Julius Caesar* on Wednesday afternoon and Saturday evening, *Merchant of Venice* on Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon, and *Henry V.* on Thursday evening. The presentation of these plays in Elizabethan fashion has attracted general notice by its unique dispensing with those scenic effects upon which modern productions have depended so largely, and it is expected that Toronto audiences will appreciate the educational value of these dramas thus quaintly unadorned.



THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL AND HER TWO-YEAR-OLD SON.

The Marchioness, who has just concluded a visit with Toronto friends, was formerly Miss Violet Twining of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Curiously enough, the youthful Marquess is Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the United Kingdom, and the only one to which so quaint a title is attached.

Sir Henry's Father.

The father of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman laid the foundation of his fortune at Glasgow by the abolition in his place of business of the system then in vogue, and known as "priggings." To "prig" was to bargain and beat down the price of goods, it being the practice in the early part of the last century for a salesman to invariably ask a much higher price than he was really willing to accept. Mr. Campbell started marking all his goods in plain figures, from which his salesmen were allowed to make no reduction. His success was immediate and great. He rose to be Lord Provost of Glasgow and received the honor of knighthood.

Richard Mansfield fears that Sarah Bernhardt might injure her health by playing in a tent. Calm yourself, Richard. Haven't the critics told you time and time again that Sarah is immortal?

Emperor Wilhelm believes in the open-door policy. So does Czar Nicholas, but he would be better pleased if the scheme included an underground passage leading to the open door.

Little Talks With Big People

The Manager Who Doesn't

EXPECTED to find him looking serious or dejected, but a smile of pensive anticipation played over his gentle features as he sang:

"When all my labors and trials are o'er
And I am safe on that heavenly shore!"

The air seemed familiar and conjured up a slender, supple form and the waving arms of Mr. Charles Alexander. Could it be? It was indeed the *Glory Song*, and R. J. Fleming was singing it with a subdued feeling for which the independent press would not give him credit.

"Glad to see that you've been at Massey Hall," I said by way of interrupting the melody.

"They are really very remarkable meetings, and I should not wonder if they were to result in great good to Toronto. Of course, each of us has his own views as to how such a movement should be carried on, but I'm sure that any unprejudiced listener—"

"But I called to see you about—"

"Exactly," he said in great haste. "I supposed that the prominent business men would be asked their opinions of the religious campaign. At present I am not in a position to deal extensively with the subject. So, if you won't mind excusing me, I'd just like you to say that from what I've seen of Dr. Torrey and heard of Mr. Alexander I believe they are excellent—"

"I really don't want to ask you about the meetings, but—"

"Aren't we having a simply wonderful winter? I can't recall another such January. It's a great thing for the poor people and must have meant an immense saving in coal for all of us. I assure you that even in the winters when I was Mayor we had nothing finer in the way of weather. Take last Sunday, for instance! It was almost a perfect April day with that gentle languor in the air that—"

"See here, I didn't come around to see if you were writing spring poetry. I want to ask you—"

"Yes—yes—about the British elections and the way poor Balfour fell down. It was quite a surprise to all of us, wasn't it, although the public expected a change?"

"Yes," I replied grimly, "the mills of public vengeance grind slowly, but—"

"Mills!" he repeated with an air of profound reflection. "I seem to remember a recent discussion on the subject. Ah! It comes back to me now. Mayor Coatsworth is so fond of talking about mills, in fact he has a mania for them. Of course I shouldn't care to be quoted as saying anything unkind about him, but he seems to take an excessive interest in mere mills."

"He's also been taking an interest in the Street Railway Company lately. He says that—"

"He's a very active little man," said the ex-Commissioner blandly: "of course I know just what it feels like to be Mayor. One has to be a kind of Jollier-in-Chief and sometimes one is even betrayed into playing to the gallery. I was once the People's Boh."

"And now you're the Company's Robert."

"I have climbed quite a bit," he admitted modestly. "My old life in St. David's Ward seems like an idle dream. Would you like me to tell you how it was done? It might do the boys of Toronto good."

"I wish to know when the Company intends to carry out its contract and extend the lines."

An expression of grief crossed the erstwhile smiling countenance and the Manager sighed heavily. "I see you've been reading the evening papers. I don't suppose I should blame you, for I used to indulge in the practice myself."

"It's not nearly so dangerous as taking an evening car. Do you often try to get a King street car at six o'clock?"

"You surprise me—you do, indeed," he said, sternly: "am I a hired man that I should do this thing? Why, the cars are for the people."

"The Company seems to consider that the people are for the cars. Is there any excuse for the indecently crowded condition at six o'clock?"

"Why, what can they expect for red tickets? We give them eight for a quarter at six o'clock in recognition of the fact that they are jammed and suffocated and ought not to be charged a blue fare for such transportation. We really take them at steepest rates and yet they complain because they are packed like sardines. What do they expect? To be packed in oil or tomato sauce? Then they grumble because there aren't enough straps to go round. Do they suppose the Company is made of Rockefeller? It would take an awful amount of money

to put in more straps. Besides, the present arrangement promotes sociability. Citizens are thrown together every time the car starts, and there isn't room for any unpleasantness. It's a cheerful, democratic state of affairs and the people ought to recognize our moderation. It's not very often that we run over a pedestrian, and accidents will happen to the most soulless corporations. Sometimes the rails are badly worn and the fenders are not properly adjusted or a car takes a header into a locomotive, causing the loss of a few lives. But we must not be extravagant, the Directors must live and—"

"As the Frenchman remarked, 'I do not see the necessity.'"

"They are most estimable gentlemen," he reproved in grave tones, "but between you and me, I sometimes get tired of the job. You see, I'm supposed to save them a lot of abuse and to explain about the contracts and all that sort of thing, but when you have to deal with utterly irrational people who think they should get a thing simply because it's been promised to them, and when you are obliged to reply to impertinent newspaper men who actually ask when we are going to furnish more cars and relieve the congestion on Yonge street, life is hardly what it used to be at the City Hall. In fact, if it were not for the ten thousand dollars a year I don't think I should be able to stand it. Then there is such a dreary sameness about their kicks. Always the same old crush. I'm so tired of that word 'congestion' I wish they'd call it the double pneumonia south of Queen street and have done with it."

"But why don't you yield to just demands?"

"Did you ever hear the story about the Englishman, the German and the Yankee who were trying to come to a business arrangement in India? The Yankee was too shrewd for his two companions, but the Englishman said to the German: 'There's one thing he can't stand—that is deliberation. We'll just keep talking about this thing and putting off a settlement until he frets himself to death.' If we just let the people kick long enough they'll get so tired that they'll give the Company an extended franchise or a permanent one or any old thing that the Company wants. Then the year 1921 will have no terrors for our Directors and all will go merry as a motor bell."

"The people's indignation may work the other way."

"Not a bit of it. The public is like a woman, and the worse you treat it the better it likes you."

"That probably accounts for your present popularity."

He looked properly bashful and then said, "Do you know, I've had several letters from private citizens about the service, and one Parkdale woman says she'd like to have my head in a charger. It sounds like one of the martyrs."

"But you aren't at all afraid?"

"Of course not. But it's bad for the nerves to have people so exacting. If they would only be reasonable and try to grasp the nature of a contract it would make life much pleasanter for me. Then the press can sometimes be so utterly purlind."

"I suppose you saw in the *News* that—"

"I beg of you not to mention that journal," said the Manager, as he arose with a flush mounting to his frank, open brow, "its bright young men are unbearable and its cartoonist ought to spend an eternity on the Bloor and McCaul cars. I grieve to say that the newspapers of this city are striving to create a popular protest against one of the best-meaning corporations that ever strove for the greatest possible squeeze to the greatest number. Even the *Globe* is not what it used to be."

"Then you can't say anything about future improvement or repentance on the part of the Company."

"Corporations never repent. But in the meantime we hope to convince the public that we are the frying-pan and municipal ownership would be the fire. There's the telephone and it sounds like the City Engineer. You must excuse me."

Before I reached the front entrance I could hear a plaintive echo:

"When all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that heavenly shore."

DENNIS.

This is the season of the year when the baseball umpire can walk about among his fellow men without a sneaking feeling that somebody is all ready to soak him from behind.

Do you think you can learn a lesson from this: A man lost a leg in a railroad accident, and when they picked him up the first word he said was: "Thank the Lord, it was the leg with the rheumatism in it!"

There seems to be a good deal of difference between the \$200,000 civil list of the new King of Norway and that of the Czar, which figures up about \$12,000,000, but then living may be cheaper in Norway; any way it isn't such hard work.

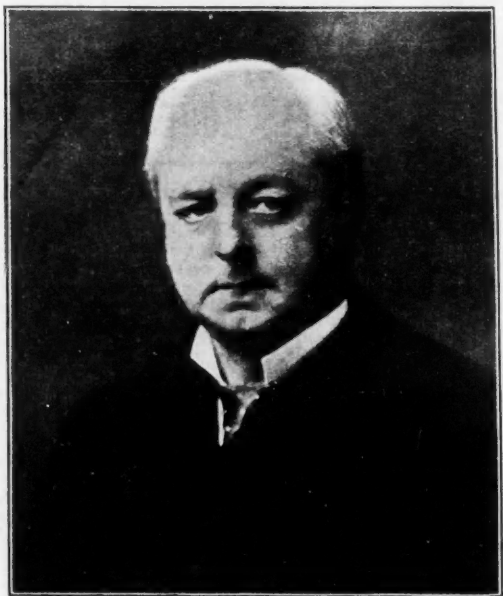
REPOSEFULNESS

THIS is an unquiet age. We all admit that this is so, and every day we are reminded that reposefulness is growing rarer. Perhaps it is, but it was always rare. A journal in old London has unearthed an ancient book on deportment—*A List of Signs of Good Breeding*, "for the use of women of degree whose birth and quality require a perfection of manners." The book was written in the reign of James II., which seems to prove that easefulness was a rare distinction even in the days when knighthood was in flower; James himself, it will be recalled, was a most unquietly king. "Quiet ways," the old author gives first in his list of signs of good breeding. Then he extols "Low tones of the voice, lips that can wait, and eyes that do not wander." "Stillness of the person and steadiness of the features of the face are marks of gentle breeding," the manual continues to recite. "Vulgar folk, aping to be beyond what they are, cannot show easefulness either in limb or visage." Most true and excellent utterance, oh, ancient scribe! Young folk now, as then, learn to talk and dress smartly, to sing, to laugh, to observe certain forms of deportment, but how many learn how to be quiet? If all our girls could only know the charm there is in restfulness! Lips that can wait and eyes that do not wander! That is your lesson, fair maids, all.

Getting away from the charm of quietude as a "sign of good breeding and a quality necessary to a perfection of manners" we come to the value of quietude as a vital principle of life. We speak a great deal on this continent of the simple life and the strenuous life, forgetting for the most part that the two can be combined in the restful life. It must be admitted that in the old countries they do some things better than we do. For one thing they understand the art of living better. Accompanying this little dissertation is a portrait of the face of an Englishman of the highest type. How often here in America do we see a face so completely suggestive of reposefulness? Why, some one says, such a face is the result of generations of gentle birth and gentle breeding, and anyway restfulness comes easy and natural to one who is born to affluence and an assured position. As a matter of fact true reposefulness is mainly the outcome of a balanced mind. Anyone can bring himself to live more or less restfully if he but tries. Restfulness is not rest, not sloth or idleness, but the maintaining of poise in the midst of the struggle of life.

All over this continent people—intelligent, educated people—are living to work instead of working to live. They make of their work a ceaseless monster that drives them by day and haunts them by night; they snatch their hasty meals with the demon hovering over them, and they cannot find a moment for quietness or care-free intercourse with family and friends.

Reposefulness is a quality greatly to be prized even from a business standpoint. More work and infinitely better work can be done by taking hold of it quietly,



A REMARKABLY REPOSEFUL FACE.

handing it with orderliness, and putting it by at the end of the day than by becoming its bond-servant and carrying ever with one the fear of this most terrible slave-driver.

Look at the strong, influential, dominant Canadians of to-day. Almost without exception they have had a hard struggle upward, but all of them who have won real success have done so largely because of steadiness and reposefulness of character. And, after all, what are we living and working for? Success? Success is not merely acquiring money or position. The unrepentant millionaire is not a successful man, any more than the athlete who by the aid of stimulants and trickery crosses the line first and then collapses, can be properly called a winner. Chauncey Depew, allowing greed to uproot restfulness as a guiding principle of conduct, has come to grief. He still has his money and his wit, but these possessions are no longer representative of success. How small the brilliant, pre-arranged New York Senator, and all of his less cultured but richer contemporaries look in contrast to a man like, say, Lord Strathcona! This grand old Scottish-Canadian has done as much work, as much strenuous upward climbing, as any man whose name springs into one's thoughts when calling to mind the lives of present-day men of achievement. His tremendous energy found expression in quiet methods of work which have been wonderfully successful, and his big, restful nature has not only prevented the dissipation of his powers in ill-directed endeavor, but, by constant cultivation, has rounded off his character and made him what he is to-day—a model of true success.

So it seems that the old mentor, when he urged upon the ladies of his day the beauty, the power, and the reward of "quiet ways," was dealing with a bigger subject than he knew. The title of his book has a pedantic sound, but no one can deny its literary flavor or good sense when it argues for "low tones of the voice, lips that can wait, and eyes that do not wander." The gospel of reposefulness is not only for those who desire to ornament Society, but for everyone who wishes to make his life a successful and happy one.

HAL.

Mexico produces a bean that causes intoxication, but at last accounts Boston was still incredulous.

Venezuela has resumed sparring contests. France is to be taken on for the first go of the new year.

Sir Thomas Lipton says his two great regrets are that he has never married or been able to lift the America Cup. His first regret may yet be remedied, however hopeless the second may be.

"Your honor," said the attorney, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that every one wants to rob him. He won't allow even me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Maybe he's not so crazy after all," murmured the court, in a judicial whisper.



WINTER IN TORONTO.

An interesting photograph of the Don Valley, at Riverdale Park, taken January 21, 1906, by Mr. W. G. Wright.

A Story of St. John.

Miss Mabel French informed the courts
Of classic old N. B.,
That she would greatly like to take
A barrister's degree.
"Nay, nay, dear girl," the Courts replied,
"Your actions sorely vex;
The name of person never applies
To creatures of your sex."

So Mabel had to go away
In much distress of mind;
And in the law-books of the land
No comfort could she find;
For in the province by the sea
Authorities have ruled
That only man a person is—
And Mabel felt quite fooled.

But swiftly to avenge her sex,
Another "lady" came,
Who went upon a glorious tear—
Kate Smith, it was her name.
"O Kate! you have disturbed our peace.
To drink you are inclined;
I really think"—thus spake the Judge—
"You must be forthwith fined."

But then replied the worthy Kate,
In sober second thought:
"Your Honor's pardon I must beg
For all the row I wrought.
But excellent Dan-i-el,
You cannot have me fined.
Because—I'm not a person yet—
I'd have you bear in mind."

Judge Ritchie turned up his books.
The by-laws to peruse,
And found the fines against the drunks
Who love the festive booze.
Shall be imposed on those alone
Who "persons" may be termed;
Thus Katie Smith went forth unfined.
Her sex's rights confirmed.

Sporting Comment

THE local hockey schedules have been completely disordered by the long-continued thaw. It is very probable that the O. H. A. executive will have to order sudden-death games in order to decide the group winners. It is quite certain that there is going to be some difficulty in awarding the various championships. As far as Toronto is concerned the 1905 hockey season is a snare and a delusion, and the Mutual street rink management will be lucky if they reimburse themselves for their expenses in improving the rink. They have shown such commendable enterprise and solicitude for the comfort of players and spectators that it is to be regretted that they will be denied their reward in a financial way. They are probably thoroughly convinced of what was stated before in these columns the necessity of an artificial ice-plant in Toronto. At present we are dependent upon the weather and the result has been but four senior games in nearly a month's hockey. Not once has the ice permitted of first-class hockey.

The game last Saturday between the Argonauts and Barré is a case in point. That the game could be at all interesting to the spectators on such a wretched ice is a tribute to the stamina and gameness of the teams engaged. It is a shame that championship games should be played under such conditions. The frequent bare spots, water and slush increased the chances of accident and

forced the players, willy-nilly, to resort to slashing and body-checking. The surprising thing is that at times really good hockey was shown. The result of this game tied the Argonauts with Barré in group two of the senior series, but, on the form which Barré had shown, it is likely that they will have little difficulty in winning out the series if the ice conditions permit of any way decent hockey.

Berlin appear to be easily the best team in their series, and so far have not sustained a defeat. Stratford, however, has always had a knack of coming strong at the finish, and, keeping up their present winning streak, may seriously threaten the Berliners. They are also much given to the sort of thing that marred the Woodstock-Stratford game, January 19, that is, objecting to the referee's decision and leaving the ice. The spirit of rivalry runs high in country towns and often leads to clashes of more or less serious consequences, but a team is seldom warranted in quitting in the middle of a game. In this case petty jealousies between town and town may have magnified trivial occurrences, but there are some players who can never get rid of the idea that they are being treated unjustly and unfairly when they are being beaten.

In the last few years Ottawa and the American professional league have carried off all the honors for rough-house hockey. No other team was believed to compare with them in the gentle art of shooting an opponent over the boards or making him loop the loop in mid air. Accordingly it is an astonishment to everybody when the seemingly innocuous Varsity team are discovered to have up their sleeve a variety of kill-em-quick devices that make Ottawa or Pittsburgh rough-house seem but a gentle mas age in comparison. Anyway that is what the voracious Pittsburgh press despatcher records. He describes Varsity's game last Saturday with the Carnegie Institute as something worse than a shambles, a sight to make timid men shudder and merciful men weep. It could not have been an insane desire for victory that made the Toronto men so ferocious, for the score was 6-1 in their favor. Where they accumulated this superfluity of energy is a mystery to all in these parts. No one ever accused them of homicidal mania or of playing any faster than was necessary to escape chills. Their manager, Mr. Ramsay, has returned and reported that the game was of the love-dovey variety, and played strictly according to the Golden Rule. We have two stories to believe, the press despatcher's and the manager's. We prefer to believe the manager's as it coincides with our own opinion of the Varsity team's mildness and peacefulness. Local enthusiasts will have tonight a chance to judge of their ability to mix it up Varsity play McGill, and a victory for them will cause a three-handed tie in the Intercollegiate league in consequence of McGill's victory over Queen's, 6-5, last Saturday.

At present it is a live question in football whether the recent changes in the C. R. F. U. rules will benefit the game or not. I believe they will if they are lived up to. Mr. Charles A. Hayden of the Montreal Herald says: "In future the opposing scrimmagers will not be allowed to pull each other's hair and bite each other's ears. They will not be allowed to interfere with each other while the ball is being put in play. The center scrimmager will not be molested while he puts the pigskin on the ground and props it backward or forward with his foot." In addition they will bid farewell to the upper-cut and the solar-plexus blow, and have a most tender regard for each other's shins, if they live up to the spirit of the rules. But will they? Will six heavy fighting machines bend down cheek by jowl with a "gentle brother, gently pray" on their lips and remain as peaceful as doves while one of their number puts the ball into play? Will not an arm steal forth and a foot kick out until the whole sextette becomes that wildly struggling mass we have for years known as the "scrimmage"? If the unexpected does happen, if the scrimmagers control their feelings and let the ball come out without interference what is the sense, as has been said before, of employing three men to do what one can do unassisted? When the scrimmagers are

THE BOOK SHOP WINDOW.
FROM THE INSIDE.

lined up at close quarters there will always be a temptation to interference. The snap-back is a far surer way of avoiding interference. The fact that the ball is in sight all the time insures prompt detection of anything illegal. It is painful to have to disagree with so learned a body as the C. R. F. U., but I do not think that they will usher in the golden age of Canadian football just yet. The lions and the lambs are not yet prepared to lie down together.

This year's Olympic games, which will be held amid the historic associations of Athens, will, without doubt, be attended by a considerable delegation of American athletes. Congress has been petitioned for a grant of \$5,000. Whether it makes the grant or not, private individuals and clubs will defray the expenses of United States athletes at the world's greatest athletic meet. Down in Hamilton there is some talk of sending two of their noted road-runners, Sherring and Kerr, but it seems that the proposition to take up a subscription has fallen through. It cannot be through any lack of civic pride on the part of the people of Hamilton. It must be because they have not faith in the promoters of the scheme and are afraid of being buncoed. Anyway, it is certain that, of any Canadian entries which might be made, these Hamilton long-distance runners would have the best chance of securing prizes. Hamilton entries have won Marathon road races, in which the pink of American and foreign athletes have entered. In the other athletic events which will be decided at the Olympic games no Canadian athlete would have any reasonable chance of winning. It may be hard on our national pride to be without representatives at this great international athletic competition, but it is better to stay away than to be lengths and lengths in the rear. There is no need for any patriotic person or persons to get up a fund to send our athletes to Athens to make an exhibition of themselves.

The Central Canada Racing Association is making all arrangements for its annual ice meet at Ottawa from February 3 to February 10, inclusive. No better place in Canada could be chosen for trotters and pacers to perform on ice. About \$9,000 will be distributed in prizes, and there is already a large entry list for the various stakes. Incidentally this seven days' racing affords the Ottawa sports an excellent opportunity to get rid of some of the money which they win by backing their ever-victorious hockey team. If it were possible to arrange a winter meet like this in Toronto the promoters would have little reason to worry about the success of the venture. The racing fever runs high in Toronto and there are thousands who would welcome a week of ice-racing as a pleasant prelude to the joys of the Woodbine spring meeting. Of course there are others who would object, and very strenuously too, to extending the book-maker's business season; but the need of dispute will never arise. The bay resolutely refuses to freeze and Torontonians who like the excitement of winter racing have to travel north to the Capital and the sporting accompaniments of Ottawa's gala winter week.



LADY MARJORIE SINCLAIR.

Wife of Hon. John Sinclair, the Secretary for Scotland in the new British Administration, and daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, formerly Governor-General of Canada. Lady Marjorie is the tallest woman in smart society in England.

Ignorant Criticism of Women's Dress by Men.

AMONG the numerous blessings enjoyed by men and denied to women is the privilege of wearing simple clothes.

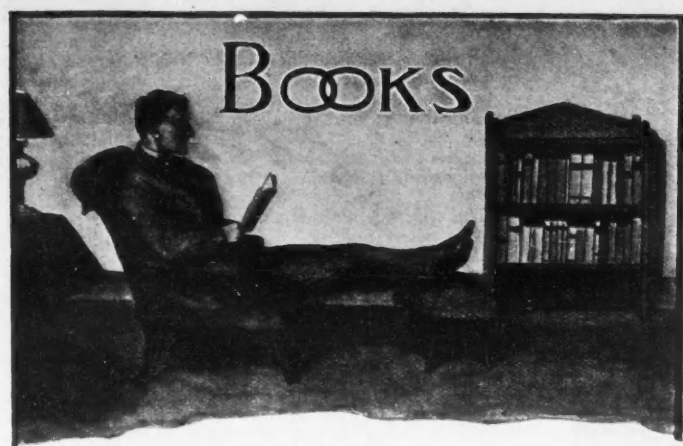
Three hooks in a closet suffice every man except the dude for hanging his wardrobe. Thirty-six hooks are barely enough to accommodate the raiment of the ordinary woman who has "nothing to wear." Where is the husband that has never remarked to his wife: "My dear, there are fifty hooks in the chamber closets of this house, and I reserve only three of them for myself and leave the remaining forty-seven to you. But here I find two kimono's, a dressing-gown and a lace bodice hanging on my hooks, and I must remove those garments and hang them elsewhere before I can get at my evening coat. Wouldn't it be easy for you to save me all this unnecessary trouble by leaving my hooks to me?"

And where is the husband that has never uttered to his wife a declaration something like this: "Certainly, my dear, I'll hook-and-eye your waist, but I don't see why women don't insist on having the fastenings of their waists in the front, where the wearer can reach them, instead of in the back, where she can't. The thought that I couldn't dress myself would be humiliating to me, although it doesn't seem to humiliate women. What would you do if you, trussed in this waist, were to be shipwrecked on a desert island? You would never be able to get out of the strait-jacket. And why do women use hooks and eyes instead of buttons? I should think pretty buttons would set off a dress, besides being easy to fasten."

This is the masculine theory of feminine attire, but the women have never been fooled by the men's preaching. Ages of experience have taught the women to know surely what the men really want women to wear; just as experience has taught successful editors that the sort of newspaper people think they want is not the sort they will buy or read. Let a woman take her husband's criticism of the fashions seriously and attempt to put his theories into a concrete exemplification in her own person and she had better look sharply lest some hussy, corseted, padded, hook-and-eyed, draw him away from her. He will find fault with his wife's mannish garb and inquire why she doesn't dress as other women do. He will ask why she doesn't go to a dressmaker that knows the trade. In short, he will be dissatisfied.

It angers women to hear men airing their theories of how a woman ought to dress, just as it angers editors to hear persons, not in the business, defining with great positiveness the sort of matter that newspapers ought to print; and just as any criticism from the ignorant angers the wise.

Life. It is the men rather than women themselves that deny to women the privilege of wearing simple clothes.



BOOKS

Where fields lie white beneath the snow
The grasses sleep,
Here cold wild winds of winter blow.
Yet, soon, will April rain-drops weep
And happy sea-born breezes go
Singing landward, soft and low,
Where fields lie white beneath the snow.

Still listening for the call they know
Life's mysteries are,
Here by the waters' ebb and flow,
Yet, soon, each grass-blade scimitar
Shall taper slim toward skies that glow,
In joyance waving, to and fro,
Where fields lie white beneath the snow.

—Ellen Brainerd Peck.

A Teller of Brave Tales.

The death of Henry Harland, which occurred in Italy last month, removes a writer whose dainty tales will be missed by all who took a pinch from "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box." The novelist was only forty-four years of age, and it seemed as if many years of literary work and success lay in the future. But since he was to know little of life's afternoon, it appears to our sense of the fitness of things that so gay and genial a man should close his eyes in Italy, the land he loved the best of all. He was born in St. Petersburg, educated in the country where he died, and during the last few years had made his home in England, but withal he was called an "American." He first won fame and money as "Svend Lusk," but was afterwards ashamed of the poor and popular stories he had written over that signature and even humorously declared that he had never been acquainted with the Lusk man, but had known him only in a bad dream.

It was Mr. Harland's belief that he could not write a long novel and that the sparkling short story, with a gentle touch of comedy was his realm. The stories collected in "Grey Roses" and "Mademoiselle Miss" seem to justify his belief. He was persuaded to write a novel, and "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" was the result, which was eminently successful. It was read in an hour, but remembered for many a day, so airily attractive was the style of the narrator. It was trivial, perhaps, but such graceful trifles are not often found on the counters of the book-shops and among the clumsy wares of Major and McCutcheon the fragile snuff-box gleamed with a subtle radiance. "The Lady Paramount" was too much in the nature of a pendant to the former work, but was of the same pretty type. His gift was neither wide nor profound, but he possessed both grace and humor, and killed time for his readers with the most gallant paper play. He never troubled with the sordid side of life and laughed in his well-cut sleeve at the sternness of realism. Not for him "life as it is" with its slums and its problems. Flowers, sunshine and laughter are all that he cares to see or hear, and with him it is always blue, unclouded weather.

It is said that he was personally of great charm, possessing as bright a smile as lingered on the lips of his "Lady Paramount." Even in failing health he jested and sang and left his friends the memory "of much precious nonsense" and a desire to share his belief in the "high mission of gaiety." He was a good comrade and a merry companion to the last, and probably would have said in the words of Stevenson's glad song:

"Life is over, life was gay,
We have come the primrose way."

A Chapter of Accidents.

Mrs. Freeman, better known to the literary world as Mary Wilkins, has not written a good novel in "The Debtor," but has spoiled a collection of short stories. The Carroll family, who are typical "Lawrences" from Kentucky, and who have taken up their abode in the New England town of Banbridge, are the chief characters dealt with in the 562 pages of the book. But the great attraction of the narrative is the delicate delineation of quiet types and the perfect atmospheric effect of the descriptions. In the second chapter there is material for a delightful short story in the tale of how Mrs. Van Dorn and Mrs. Lee went calling on an afternoon in spring. Being exceedingly curious about the newcomers, the Carrolls, who had taken the "Ranger place," they were thoroughly disappointed when a third ring failed to bring anyone to the door. Then they noticed that the front door was not only unlocked but slightly ajar, and the temptation to "peek in" was too much for these two virtuous dames, whose chief business was the affairs of their neighbors.

Yielding to the overwhelming temptation afforded by the open door, they entered the house and proceeded to explore, making various criticisms as they passed from drawing-room to dining-room. But their voyage of discovery had its limits, and they regarded the closed drawers of the sideboard with resignation. "There was a line which neither woman could pass. They could pry about another woman's house in her absence, but they shrank from opening her drawers and investigating her closets. They respected all that was covered from plain sight. Upstairs it was the same. Things were strewn about

rather carelessly, therefore they saw more than they would otherwise have done, but the closet-doors and the bureau-drawers happened to be closed, and those were inviolate."

But a horrible fate befel the daring callers, for, even as they fingered a lace-trimmed petticoat, they heard a man's footstep in the hall downstairs and caught the scent of his cigar. Terror held them for a moment, and then they softly fled to a back staircase and descended to the hall, only to be confronted by Captain Arthur Carroll, to whom they were unknown, but who, with all the courtesy of a man bred in old Kentucky, endeavored to grasp the situation.

"The two stood before him, gasping, coloring, trembling. For both of them it was horrible. All their lives they had been women who had held up their heads high in point of respectability and more. None was above them in Banbridge, no shame of wrong-doing or folly had ever been known by either of them, and now both their finely bonneted heads were in the dust. They stood before this handsome, courteously smiling gentleman and were conscious of a very nakedness of spirit. Their lust of curiosity was laid bare, they were caught in the act. Mrs. Van Dorn opened her mouth, she tried to speak, but she only made a strange, croaking sound. Her face was now flaming. But Mrs. Lee was pale, and she stood rather unsteadily."

When Captain Carroll at last understood, amusement succeeded comprehension and pity, amusement. Like the gentleman he was, he allowed them to depart unattended and "to dive desperately into the waiting coach," and he even refrained from telling the ladies of the household about the two elderly callers who had inspected the rooms and had departed without leaving cards.

The characteristic merits of Mrs. Freeman's idyllic style are found in this latest production, but as an entire development the story is wearisome and overwrought. However, it is well worth reading, especially if the reader has time to linger over the delightful glimpses of Banbridge society. (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.)

The Monthly Review.

In the January issue of the "Monthly Review" the opening article, "A Note on the Political Situation," preserves a carefully judicial tone, concluding with presenting both sides of the shield in this fashion: "English Liberals have a favorite text, which they boast of as a summary of their political creed. It is 'A liberal non-devotee liberal thing, and I should be the last to deny their claim to it. But there is another saving, one of Poesell's, which seems to me to be almost equally representative of their method, though they lay no claim to it at all. It is 'C'est l'homme l'homme ignore la justice.'" Mr. Tozer, who has not yet written a dull essay, opens his article on "Prains and Prides" with the question, "Does attitude for card-playing denote general intelligence?" There is an exceedingly vague plea finally put forward in behalf of bridge, although it would seem to furnish such a slight increase of intelligence that the game is literally not worth the mental candle. Miss Evelyn B. Mitford writes an extremely interesting article on "Relics," attributing the pre-Reformation influence of the subject to three great forces—the love of change and adventure, material success in this world, and the chances of salvation in the next. The writer rather naively refers to the second consideration in this manner: "The possession of a valuable relic was an enormous source of revenue to a town; its fortunes were made. Trade flourished apace. There was much ill-feeling between the rival towns and monasteries as to the relative value of the relics. The relics of St. Alban were claimed by both Ely and St. Alban's Abbey; Glastonbury contended with Canterbury for St. Dunstan's body; and the dispute lasted till Archbishop Warham's time, when he gave his decision in favor of his archiepiscopal city." The statement is made that among the last relics imported into Europe was the "head of the lance which had pierced the Saviour's side, and which was presented in 1492 by the Sultan Bajazet to Pope Innocent the Eighth. This relic already existed in Paris, Nuremberg and other places, but the fact did not in any way lessen its value, and miracle-working powers, and it is included among the principal relics in St. Peter's." Is there any significance to be attached to the fact that the close of relic-importation is in the same year as the discovery of America?

The illustrious traveler, Sven Hedin, contributes "The Black Sea," which is a bright article on a gloomy subject. When telling of his difficulties in anchoring in the roads of Trebizond, he declares: "The thing which impressed them most was the fact of my being a countryman of Temir Bash or Charles XII. of Sweden. This was not the first time his name had helped me at a pinch in the Orient. I was allowed to land; but the little hand-bag which I carried with me was turned inside out even to the very tooth-brush, and two or three French novels by Alphonse Daudet and Francois Coppee were

confiscated as well as a map of Persia."

The serial story in the "Monthly Review" is always above the average. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent" was first published in this magazine. "Beaujeu" was concluded in the November issue, and the second installment of "A Face of Clay," by Horace Annesley Vachell promises unusual merit in the present novel. "The Story of a Devonshire House" is a review of Lord Coleridge's book of that title, which is a record of three generations of Coleridges. The famous epigram of the poet is quoted: "I have three brothers: one of them thinks of every one but himself, another only thinks about himself, and the third does not think at all." (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

An Irish Novel.

It is rather singular that one so seldom picks up a modern novel with Ireland as a background for hero and heroine. Certainly the Isle of Sorrows has enough of fairy lore and romantic past to make it a suitable setting for tragedy or sentimental comedy. Of course, there remain the good old Irish stories by Lever. "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer" are always as fresh as the "green island home" of which Frederick Douglass made haste to grow cynical and sad. But even dashing Charlie and luckless Harry spent little time at home and were usually in a fight abroad. The "Somerville" novels have attracted much attention in recent years, "The Experiences of an Irish R.M.," being irresistibly amusing, while "The Real Charlott" is a terribly sombre as to make the reader wonder if the same authors can have written the two books.

Beatrice Grimshaw is a new writer to most of us and her novel, "Broken Away," has a welcome freshness. It belongs to Dublin and a lodge among the Wicklow Mountains, the tired author, Stuart Rivington, and his wife Eva taking refuge in a wild retreat, although a few of the readers can imagine Dublin as a metropolis from which it would be necessary to withdraw. Mr. Rivington has the artistic temperament, his rival, Alfred Moore, goes stark, staring mad and does his best to kill the successful novelist, and altogether there is enough "action" to keep one wide awake.

The book is strangely uneven in literary form, certain passages and situations being extremely well handled, while there are crudities of the Sunday-school book class in every chapter. Terry O'Connell—Terry is a girl's name, short for Euterpe—is a finely sketched figure, and the writer has the rare courage to let her sub-heroine choose the wrong man. One is quite sure that Elliot Ritchie will be a wretched failure as a husband, and that Terry will be unhappy ever after. Nevertheless, it is what a measure of her temperament would have done, and the author is true to her art at the last.

Snatches of bright conversation echo from the Wicklow hills, and Stuart's criticism of the dainty song—"La vie est brève," is worth remembering. "That's what I call a whining song. What if life is short? Does it make it any longer to sit down and snivel about it? I've no patience with De Musset, and Heine and all that breed. What I like is the splendid spirit of the old Norsemen, who could look Death straight in the eyes and smile at him, and who thought it far better to meet one's fate splendidly on the battlefield at five-and-twenty than drag on till they were old and listless, and had sucked all the juice out of life like an empty orange. I tell you, it's pluck that this age wants—sheer, simple courage of the sort that doesn't feel impelled to sit on the houseposts and yell, every time it eats sour grapes and gets its teeth set on edge, or run about the streets showing its burned fingers and howling, when it's been playing with fire. . . . It's our self-consciousness in these days that eats into our strength. There's nothing so fatal."

That Beatrice Grimshaw can do better work than "Broken Away" we firmly believe, and shall wait with impatience for her next book—and the fates grant that it be Irish! (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.)



MR. LAWRENCE MOTT,
Author of "Jules of the Great Heart."

Notes.

The "Atlantic Monthly" is still considered by many readers the best literary magazine published on the American Continent, although it holds out against illustrations and believes in literature unadorned. Among the good things to appear during 1906 are "Our Anxious Morality," by Maurice Maeterlinck; "The Art of Acting Versus the Art of Talking," by Richard Mansfield; "The Ideal Physician," by Dr. William Osler, and "The German Emperor," by Maurice Low.

The book, "Jules of the Great Heart," by Lawrence Mott, published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, receives somewhat favorable notice from English reviewers, the following being from the comments made by the "Athenaeum": "It is probably fitting that stories from this

part of the world should have a bleak grimness, a certain bitter harshness of quality, like that of the pitiless wind that sweeps the Canadian barrens, searching out and slaying all save the most hardy and best equipped. . . . Naturally some human attributes must be sacrificed in the process which hardens a man till he can live the life of an Arctic fox."

The historic novel, "Theophano," by Frederic Harrison, published last year, was not among the "best selling books," although it was of rare artistic workmanship. Its dramatic possibilities have led to a version for the stage being made by the author, who expects to have it staged in London. The story of the barbarous and beautiful empress ought to make material for several thrilling scenes, but it will require a sumptuous setting to reproduce in any adequate way, the splendor of the Constantinople Court.

Mr. Winston Churchill—the Englishman of that name—is likely to be more in evidence than ever since he has been made Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in the new British Ministry. This month it is said "he comes before the public in a new role—that of biographer, for it is then that his Life of his father is to be published. The book will deal chiefly with the memorable ten years during which the late Lord Randolph Churchill was perhaps the most striking figure in English politics. Mr. Churchill has had the advantage of the advice and assistance of Lord Randolph's old friend and ally, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach."

A Macmillan publication which will doubtless prove most interesting will consist of a selection from speeches delivered by Lord Curzon both in England and in India during the period of his Viceroyalty. The speeches, it is announced, will be grouped according to subjects, and in them are explained the theory and objects of British rule in India, the character of the administration, the nature of the problems that confront the government and the manner in which they are being solved.

The "Academy," in reviewing "London Films," by William Denn Howells, touches upon a weakness shown by many United States writers in looks descriptive of European cities—that is, a tendency to compare English, French or German life with that of their own country. "These comparisons are very frequent, and, although they are interesting in themselves, the continued references to America are a blemish to the book as a whole. They make it provincial and mar its unity."

J. G.

Important Canadian Papers.

The Canadian Archivist and Keeper of Government Records says in his latest report that he has been in correspondence with Mr. Fitzroy Fenwick of Thirlestaine House regarding a collection of original papers in his hands relating to the last years of the French régime, and the first years of British rule in Canada. The papers are held in trust, and their disposal is subject to the decision of the Court of Chancery. When in England the Archivist inspected the documents, and found six volumes of original papers in French and five or six in English of a later date. The first volume contained over one hundred letters signed by the Marquis de Montcalm between 1757 and 1759, and three entirely in his handwriting. In the second there were about one hundred letters of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and several letters of the Intendant Bigot. The third volume contains ninety letters of the Chevalier de Lévis, with several by Bougainville. In the fifth volume there are letters of Louis XV, and others. There was a volume containing a journal of the Hudson's Bay Company, which should be of public interest. Lord Strathcona arranged for an examination of the records of the Hudson's Bay Company in Lime street, and has also completed arrangements whereby the papers of the Marquess of Townshend may be examined. An important letter (1656) of Father Ignace regarding Acadia is printed by the Archivist from a photographic copy of the original in the archives of the Propaganda, Rome.—The "Athenaeum."

A Likely Reason.

A milkman in a country town not far from New York was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk. "You are charged," said the judge, "with a most serious offence, of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?" "Well, your Worship," replied the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard, and the only cause I can give is the cow must have got wet through."

Startling Election Fashions.

The English ladies interest themselves far more in politics than one would suppose. At every political meeting to which they accompany their husbands it is the custom to wear their party colors. The Liberal color is blue, and a lady whose husband was a Liberal, with sympathies for Ireland, would thus be obliged to wear a blue costume with a green neck-veil. This is the correct combination, though it is not a beautiful one.

As Sung in Owen Sound.

Nobody drinks but father,
He boozes 'round all day.
But we've one consolation
'Twill be stopped on the 1st of May;
Then mother won't take in washing,
Neither will sister Ann,
When nobody drinks 'round our house
Not even my old man.
—Owen Sound "Sun."

Patience—That long-haired man with the diamonds, at the piano, I just heard started life as a poor musician. Patrice—Well, he's that yet.

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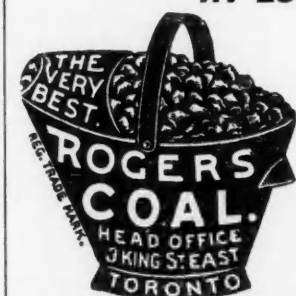
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An Unfortunate Loan.

"I'm through, I'm good and through," asserted Gofften, with vehement bitterness. "The next man who taps me, expecting a gentle flow of the milk of human kindness, is going to be deluged by a torrent of infusion of gall and wormwood triple distilled. Hereafter I've an ear deaf to the most piteous appeal. From now on I'm a flinty-hearted miser impervious to the 'touch.' My sympathies are dead, my generosity is shut out to all but myself. You hear me!" "What's gone wrong now?" I asked. "I'm an outcast and expatriate from my own home and fireside," declared Gofften acridly. "My wife regards me as an apostate, a renegade and a traitor actively giving aid and comfort to her enemies; her mother is convinced that I am an abandoned character deliberately plotting to destroy her daughter's peace and happiness; my children, more charitably, look upon me simply as a weak-minded, easy-going, slipshod, spineless imbecile; and it's all because I lent Rivalton fifty dollars."

"That's a good deal of a row for a small loan to kick up," I observed incredulously.

"It is," admitted Gofften sadly. "But the result was peculiar. It seems," he explained, "that some milliner has had on exhibition in her window lately a hat of such fabulous beauty that every woman in town went wild over it. My beloved wife fell under its spell like the rest, and my devoted family banded itself together to extract the price from me, kindly if they could, forcibly if they must. Everything was ready for the assault to take place after an unusually good dinner one night, but I, totally unconscious of the fell design, had listened good-naturedly to a doleful tale of woe Rivalton told me that afternoon, and lent him my last fifty. Surrounded, subdued, all but subjugated that night, I in desperation told my importunate family what I had done with my money, as an excuse for my dollarless condition; but even then there was no cessation of hostilities until I capitulated unconditionally and promised to raise the money somehow the next day."

"Well," I asked, as he paused to sigh wretchedly, "why wasn't that just as satisfactory?"

"Because," replied Gofften, from the depths of gloom, "the very next morning Mrs. Rivalton appeared on the streets arrayed in the identical hat, and that that's where my fifty went is the unalterable belief of my desolated family, myself included."

"Why do the poor persist in running down the rich?" shouted the new sociologist. "We never hear of the rich running down the poor."

"Gosh, mister," retorted the thin man in faded trousers, "you ain't never seen an automobile, have you?"

The Latest Shade—When on earth I was an automobilist.

His Satanic Majesty—Ah! Then please be kind enough to crawl under that furnace and see what's the matter with the grate; it seems to be kinked up.

Love and Laundering.

The Korean mother, anxious to secure her daughter's successful marriage, makes certain that the young woman becomes a good laundress, for ability in this direction counts for more than beauty with the Korean swain. He does not even demand that his wife should be more than a fairly good cook, but she must be able to keep fresh and spotless the linen garments which everyone, from prince to peasant, wears. In spite of the fact that every article of wearing apparel is of white linen, not even the humble flannel is used in Korea, and the attempts to introduce such Occidental fads as washing-machines and wringers have met with marked disfavor. The laundry work is done in the same manner as it was centuries ago, and the first recommendation to a young man's favor is ability as a laundress.

Between Two Fires.

A young man was at a table with his wife and a party of friends, when a tall and imposing blonde passed who gave the young man recognition and a dangerous, questioning look. "Who is that 'woman'?" the young wife asked. "Now, don't you go bothering me about who she is," the young man replied; "I will have trouble enough explaining to her who you are."

The Milky Way.

"Mamma," said tiny Esther, "why does the milkman call 'Milk-ho!'? Why doesn't he just say milk? That's what he sells, isn't it?" And then her sister Laura smiled in all the conscious superiority of one who goes to school regularly. "Shows you aren't educated!" she said. "If you'd learnt French, you'd know that 'eau' stands for water, and dad says that the milk about here is half water. He's only telling us what he's selling, that's all!"

The Important Part.

Millicent—I'm in love with both of them. Which would you advise me to marry?
Hortense—Whichever one asks you.

The village gossip knows little or nothing of anatomy, but when it comes to articulating a family skeleton he is a wonder.

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Minette—There is a good deal of imagination and a somewhat capricious purpose, strong self-reliance and assertion, loquacity, good and clear sequence of ideas, dominance, good nature, and a tinge of pessimism. You are one of those trying correspondents who tell me things about your make-up. I'd so much rather you didn't. October, by the way, isn't your month. You are a Scorpio, that sign beginning to rule on October 23rd. But you will be sure to have many of the Libra traits more or less marked, as the influence of Scorpio has not entire rule until October 20th. I am not aware of any ill luck appertaining to October, as you state. Your mentality is bright and your manner probably vivacious. Some sympathy and very good method are shown. It is a fairly capable hand.

Algonquin Park—What more did you want? You fail to say, and as you've had a delineation, I suppose that can't be it. It is quite true that Virgo people generally work best for others, but you, of course, may be an exception. You have thought, but your expression lacks clarity. Some of your sentences are riddles to me. I am sorry there was no reason why I should have answered you before Christmas.

Mrs. Conrady—Good girl! Let's see, what is your yearning? "A book with at least two nice, comfortable people in it, who never worried about their mental and spiritual 'works', and a play with a plot both wholesome and clever, and a nice, unnoisy piece of music, and some real girls who couldn't play cakewalks, hockey or bridge, and a magazine story that didn't drag in a baby." Oh! you'll die of want, my good woman! You have my sympathy; I wouldn't be you for a farm! Not that you're unattractive, far from it, but you think of all the horrid things so easily, and there are so many others, you know. Of course you know you've got good concentration, erratic impulse, love of power, some ambition, conservatism and impatience. It's a clever and original type, outspoken, somewhat pessimistic, full of temperament, lacking sweetness and repose. You should never read such books as "The House of Mirth." You are very tenacious, high-strung, and apt to be extreme. You love correct and dainty surroundings, and should be very artistic.

S. J. E.—It will eventually go to the same place. Did you think I'd preserve it in rose leaves. You write on lines and ask for a second delineation. Well, I'm afraid I can't humor you. May 15th brings you fully under Taurus, the first earth sign, and one marked strongly with materialism. It is said to be a very hard sign to overcome. The whole physical nature seems to grow out of the five senses, but when a Taurus does conquer, and develop spirituality he often becomes eloquent and convincing, zealous, sanguine and, so long as not contradicted, a loyal, firm friend. You will find best companions under Capricorn, December 21st to January 20th, or under Libra, September 23rd to October 23rd. There is a strong susceptibility suggested in your lines.

Berserker—The budget duly arrived and it would have done you good to see how welcome it was. In some of those leisure hours perhaps you'll repeat the dose. The first moment I can spare I'll let you into the true inwardness of that sojourn in "Crazy London," when the Mercury stood at 85. It was a dangerous experiment and one unworthy of an encore. I am looking forward to July with the greatest pleasure, the tame caribou, the bungalow and the dogs, not to mention a certain stalwart. Good old Berserker, here's luck to you!

Yodah—My own experience was similar: first, the light was poor, then headache ensued, consequent upon strain of the nerves, and at last it occurred to me to visit an oculist. One

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of robust and healthy nature is slow to admit the suggestion that any of her senses are playing her false. The worthy "specs" are ameliorative, and you should seek their aid instantly. So many persons wear glasses nowadays (scraps from kindergarten sometimes) that it won't be noticed, as you imagine. At all events you've danced, now you must pay the piper. Thanks for compliments and acknowledgments of the accuracy of your delineation. You're an easy subject.

Peter Scotch—Thousand apologies, good girl! You go unaccountably held over, but here's for you at last. Your writing shows a great deal of feeling, temperament and nervous energy, apt to develop pessimism and weaken your will and purpose. You have very warm affection, can worthily appreciate life's good things, should be a clear and persistent thinker, and easily swayed by influences often unfelt by less sensitive souls. May 31st brings you under Aries, a fire sign, the leading one of the fire triplicity. Aries folk are generally executive, earnest and determined, getting results against all opposition; leaders of conversation, progressive and very intuitive. You would probably convince and conquer without will or power to dominate. It is a most suggestive hand, far out of the commonplace, both in capability and attainment. It shows excessive loyalty to friends, and criticism of outsiders. The writer may easily be a scholar and conservative in tone; whatever he or she is, there are brains at the back of it and preference for refined and cultured environment. Pessimism mars it, though.

Navy Hue—If that last word be "blue," the Lord forgive you for the way you wrote it. Judging entirely from your writing, I should be inclined to say "defer to the better taste of your parents," for your own is decidedly defective. The month of June is the month of indecision, under the influence of Gemini, the Twins, one is frequently aware that the dual mind is out of harmony. Like the Bohemian twins in the paper to-day, when Rosa wants to go one way Josefa wants to go the other. Rosa may carry Josefa, kicking in protest, but it's not a very edifying progress. I am sure you are unhappy in your circumstances, and the fact that you are debating whether to remain true to your choice is eloquent. Your writing is generous, honest, dominant, not very discreet, fond of approbation. The objections you mention would be trifling if balanced by a noble, refined and well-informed mind, which isn't likely. It may be just your crude animal impulse, with the sympathy and generosity of your nature, which you mistake for a serious affection. Think it well over, and good sense to you.

Margaret Adams—I have never visited the affair you mention. I am not in the least interested in fat stock, and would rather not see it, if you don't mind. I am very much so in agriculture, and will take the first opportunity of going to your city and inspecting the college. Did you wish a delineation?

Elsworth—There is no horoscope casting done in this column. Life's too short. If you wish to study zodiacal signs and their influences you might write to The Idea Publishing Co., 606 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, for the book on that subject. It is most informing. December 31st brings you under Capricorn, the last sign of the earth triplicity. Capricorn people are insatiable in their desire for intellectual growth, apt to be self-conscious, subject to moods, depressed or jolly; regard for conventions and appearances is nearly always strong; natural teachers with great patience are found under this sign. Your writing shows clear and long-headed thought, good argument, some susceptibility and sentiment, concentration and appreciation. It is an eminently considerate and reasonable study; refined in expression and conception and fond of beauty.

Delia—I have not found it universally pleasant to grant interviews to persons who "just want to see what an editor's place is like," but if you are really suffering to behold the interior of my office and with triphity some morning next week, I will be most happy to unlock the door for you. Your remarks are not in very fine taste, but I judge from your handwriting that, tact being far from you, the remarks aren't meant to annoy. As to visiting you, you must excuse such a reckless course. I haven't either time or inclination for that.

Tom Tiddler—Your writing so exactly suits your nom de plume that it makes me laugh. It shows indecision, caprice, strong impulse, faulty judgment and great susceptibility. Bethellen—Refined feeling, honor and self-respect are strong in your study. You are precise, practical, self-reliant and very discreet. It isn't a pioneer hand, by any means, rather one working on conservative lines, and circumscribed subjects. There is even aversion to new and untrod paths, love of power, even in small matters, and a suggestion of inbred tradition and belief in the classes. You are not fond of involved or lengthy argument, and should be of a thoroughly feminine and rather attractive personality. We graphologists often call writing "good" which I am sure you'd class as bad.

Toreen—Oh, my! did you ever hear the toast, "Here's to the temperance party, with water in glasses tall"? I should think that your hen-party would be something very sad, like a potato without salt. I am sorry for the town where boys are so scarce you have to do without them. We could spare you a few easily. You are a nice child, but I don't think your writing is ready for me yet. It has excellent promise and a bad slant. Sawhorse—Your study doesn't fulfill conditions, and your writing isn't formed. Six lines is the least I will accept, but yours should really wait a bit.



Steward—Can I bring anything up for you, sir?

party, with water in glasses tall"? I should think that your hen-party would be something very sad, like a potato without salt. I am sorry for the town where boys are so scarce you have to do without them. We could spare you a few easily. You are a nice child, but I don't think your writing is ready for me yet. It has excellent promise and a bad slant. Sawhorse—Your study doesn't fulfill conditions, and your writing isn't formed. Six lines is the least I will accept, but yours should really wait a bit.

RAINY-DAY DIVERSIONS.

"UNCLE BOB," said Lucy in her wheedlesome way, "it isn't raining; but the paper says 'Probably showers,' so won't you give us a new trick?"

"I'd like to know," declared the long-suffering uncle, "if you children think I'm made of trick, with one coin in each. Consider the number of pennies represented by the coin in your right hand, and multiply that number by any even number."

After a moment of calculation both children wagged their heads to prove that this had been done.

"Remember the result, but don't tell it to me. Now take the number of pennies represented by the coin in your left hand, and multiply it by any odd number you choose."

Again the heads nodded affirmatively.

"Now add together your two products. Lucy, is your final result even or odd?"

"It's odd."

"Then you have the dime in your right hand and the nickel in your left. Fred, what is your final result?"

"One hundred and twenty."

"Then, my boy, you hold your coins the other way—the nickel in your right hand and the dime in your left."

And as usual, Uncle Bob was right.

"Tell us how!" clamored the children; and Uncle Bob explained it thus:

"You need perform no calculations to do this trick. Simply tell anybody to multiply the coin in his right hand by an even number, and the coin in his left hand by an odd number, add the two products, and tell you if the final result is odd or even. If odd, he holds the dime in his right hand, if even he holds the nickel in his right hand."

"I like that trick," said Fred, "just because it is so simple."

"You can use other coins, if you wish," said Uncle Bob, "but they must always be one even and one odd. That is, you may use a dime and a penny, or a half-dollar and a quarter, or a dollar and a nickel. Then, to vary it, you may sometimes inquire whether the final result is odd or even, or you may ask for the figures of the result. Of course, the figures don't matter to you; you only want to know if the sum is odd or even."

"One more trick, uncle, please," begged Lucy; "it's half an hour yet till dinner-time."

"Well, get some dominoes or checkers, or 'parishes' counters, or anything like that."

So the children dumped the checker box and domino box both on the table.

"Now I'll turn my back to you and sit in this chair while you do as I tell you. Each of you may take a lot of the dominoes or checkers or both, and arrange the ones you take in two rows in front of you on the table. Make one row longer than the other; say, sixteen in one row and nine in the other, or any such way you like."

After a time this was done. "Now, each subtract the number in your shorter row from the number in your longer row, and tell me the difference."

"Fifteen," said Lucy promptly, and Fred said, "Three."

take away two; and, Fred, from your short row remove seven."

"Yes, sir."

"Take away from your long row as many as are at present in your short row."

This was carefully done.

"Lucy, you have now," said Uncle Bob without looking around, "just seventeen in your long row, and Fred, you have ten in your long row."

"I do believe you have eyes in the back of your head, uncle," said Lucy. "Please try it again."

So they tried it again, and then Uncle Bob explained it.

"Of course," he said, "it is harder to do two at a time, as I did with you. But suppose you are trying the trick on one of your young friends. Ask first the difference between the two rows. Then tell him to remove a certain number from his short row. This number, which you tell him to remove, plus the original difference which he told you, will be the answer you want. Remember it carefully, then tell him to take from his long row as many as are in his short row, and then announce the answer as the number left in his long row. It will always come out right."

"But, uncle, suppose I tell him to take twelve from his short row, and he hasn't so many as that in his short row?"

"Well then, he'll say so, and you may say: 'Oh, well, then take away three,' or some small number like that."—Carolyn Wells, in Chicago "Record-Herald."

WHY MENTAL MEDIOCRITY OFTEN BEATS BRILLIANCY.

"IF I possessed his impudence," a man that has failed remarked the other day of a man that has succeeded, "I would be above him to-day."

We were at school together, and my brain was better than his. I used to be the number one pupil, and he was seldom among the first fifteen. But even at school he had a way of pushing himself to the front by various methods, while brighter fellows hung back waiting to be invited. As boy and as man he did not know the meaning of modesty. He is the most self-assertive person I have met in my life. I laugh to see the public take him so seriously and make so much of him, for I know him to be a very ordinary man."

Thousands of men that have failed have uttered this same criticism of men that have succeeded. These critics of successful men do not perceive that success is determined not less by moral than by mental qualities, and that the talents which enable a boy to gain the head of his class at school are only a portion of those by which leadership is attained and held in the great competitive game of life.

A good memory, a quick intelligence and an aptitude for books make the number one pupil. Aggressiveness, enterprise, courage, shrewdness, a masterful temper, an intuitive understanding of human nature and unusual will power do not come into play, appreciably, in the recitations and examinations of schoolboys, but they are important factors in the making of a career in the world.

You can find any number of prize scholars filling obscure clerical places and taking orders from men inferior to them in the purely mental qualities; but if you study these prize scholars you find that they are deficient in certain qualities of character that are necessary for the attainment of eminent success.

One notable example of the dominance of a mediocre intellect backed by certain qualities of character over much finer intellects not supported by such qualities of character in the same degree is Campbell-Bannerman, the new Prime Minister of King Edward. C-B, as the English papers call him familiarly, is a man of good but ordinary intelligence; not in the same class intellectually with Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Asquith, or other members of his Cabinet, or with his brilliant opponent, Mr. Balfour. But C-B has become distinguished for a dogged perseverance, a tireless energy, a never-say-die spirit that have compensated for a lack of ready wit, a want of literary skill, an absence of brilliancy, originality, and eloquence. Year in and year out he has led the opposition in the House of Commons, and has directed subordinates far more intellectual than himself, and when the wheel turned and the Liberals came into power no one

disputed the right of C-B to be the one called upon to form the new Ministry.

Parents and teachers, therefore, should look well to the building of character in their wards. It is not enough to fill a lad's head with bookish knowledge. Better far to train him in self-reliance, in self-control, to cultivate in him independence of mind and force of will; even though he learn less out of books.

Or So He Reckoned.

At the close of the war between the States young Dr. Gray of Kentucky, told his black people that all of them who wished to stay on the old plantation and work could do so, and give him a third of what they made. He, himself, went to practicing his profession in a neighboring town. A number of the former slaves were loth to leave the old home, and gladly accepted their young master's proposition. Among them was one of the oldest negroes on the place, who was known to the whole country as Uncle Caliph.

One day the next autumn Dr. Gray, returning from a call, found Uncle Caliph seated on his office steps.

"What is it, Uncle Caliph? Nobody sick, I hope?"

The old negro rose with his hat in his hand.

"Nothin' the mattah, little Marse, I've jest cum to see yo' on tictah business—jest to tell yo' I didn't mek de thurd."

"Didn't make the third, Uncle Caliph? I don't know what you mean."

The old negro chuckled. "Taint often I hab to splain fings to little Marse—he's so spry in he's haid. Yo' know, little Marse, I tuk dat ole hoss lot fur mine to tend? An' I wuked powful on it, too; but wud yo' bleeb it? I only made two loads us cawn. Yo' see now I didn't make de thurd fur yo'."

Efficacy Plus Player.

Ethel, one of New Hampshire's seven-year-old daughters, is devoted to the birds. She was enraged at her older brother, whose keenest enjoyment seemed to be to trap them. She pleaded with him and scolded him, but all to no effect. So Ethel took a new tack.

When prayer time came the other evening her mother heard this final petition added to those which dealt directly with the spiritual and material welfare of the family: "An', dear God, please smash all Willie's nasty traps, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

"Ethel, dear," said mother seriously, "Do you really think that last is a nice thing to ask God to do? Do you expect Him to do such a thing as that?"

Ethel smiled beamingly, and answered: "Oh, that'll be all right muzzer. Jes' before I comed upstairs I smushed 'em all my own self."

A Clean Bill.

So far, at least, as the city of New York is concerned, Lloyd Osbourne's record is clear; he has never been in jail there. This can be definitely stated, and without reservation, because there is the highest authority for it. Mr. Osbourne, when in New York, generally makes his headquarters at The Lambs. The other day, through the carelessness of some hurried clerk in the Post Office, a letter addressed to Mr. Osbourne at The Lambs was sent instead to The Tombs. From that city institution it was returned by the chief clerk himself, and, under Mr. Osbourne's name on the envelope, in the chief clerk's own hand, was this official endorsement:

"Not here—yet."

PRINCIPLE IGNORED IN PUNISHING CHILDREN.

It is wrong to punish children for offenses which they have not been forbidden to commit; just as wrong in principle as it would be to punish an adult for infraction of an ex post facto penal statute. Yet many parents, who would be indignant if sent to jail for an act that was not a crime when committed, but was subsequently declared a crime, think nothing of whipping a child for acts which he did not know to be wrong when he committed them.

One mother punished her child for upsetting and breaking a valuable vase.

"Did you ever tell him not to break a vase?" inquired his father, who is a lawyer.

"No," replied the mother.

"Then you are punishing him under an ex post facto law, which is contrary to the fundamental principles of penology and political liberty," said the father.

"The whipping will impress the rule on his memory."

"But you are acting on a false and unjust theory," said the father. "You have no right to whip a child for purely deterrent purposes. A whip should be primarily punitive and only incidentally deterrent. I refer you to any standard text on the subject."

"You wouldn't be so great a stickler for abstract principles," the mother retorted, "if you had to mind a couple of lively and mischievous boys for a few days."

The dialogue sufficiently states the argument on each side.

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For ALE AND PORTER

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A Rare Hot Chop and a Well-Done Bottle

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CONVIDO Port Wine

is noted for its zest to round off a meal for a robust appetite. Served at all first-class restaurants.

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Be Particular about the little things you eat. Impure salt is just as injurious as impure milk or butter. There is one salt you can always depend upon as being absolutely pure and whole—some—

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If you are particular to secure the latest in footwear—it will pay you to inspect our lines.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Well Spread.

Mike was employed in the powder works. One day, through some carelessness, an explosion occurred, and poor Mike was blown to pieces; his remains being scattered far and near.

When the sad news had been broken to his wife, she said pathetically, between her sobs:

"That's Mike all over!"

After Bob Fitzsimmons regrettably retires from the stage he may be able to make a living by conducting a matrimonial agency.

United States Senator Dryden, who is the president of a big insurance company, believes in government control of insurance. Other suggestions are now in order.

An Artistic Studio.

The new and beautiful studio of Mr. J. Kennedy, 107 King street west, is an object lesson in that quiet good taste and harmony that naturally belong with everything artistic. Photographs, to be sure, do not always rank as artistic productions, but those bearing Mr. Kennedy's name are notable exceptions to the rule. Lovers of the artistic in photography will be interested in examining the new studio and looking through the portfolios of Mr. Kennedy's most recent work. Visitors are always welcome at the studio, 107 King street west.

Constipation, the Curse of the Nation.

The Easy Way to Cure It.
Constipation is responsible for most of the ordinary ills of to-day. Upset stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, biliousness, headaches, are caused, nine times in ten, by Constipation.
Hunyadi Janos cures these troubles indirectly, because it cures Constipation. It not only makes the bowels move easily and freely—but it so strengthens and invigorates the muscles and nerves of the bowels that they soon move regularly and naturally without any further help. Hunyadi Janos is doing this the world over. It is famous for its health restoring qualities. It contains no drugs, no retching, griping purgatives. It is a product of Nature, imitable and perfect as everything is that Nature produces. There is only one Hunyadi Janos.
All druggists sell it. Try a small bottle, it costs but a trifle.

Anecdotal

A French tailor, who advertised "English spoken," was sometimes at a loss for the right word. On one occasion, wishing to tell a customer that her girdle was too high, he hesitated a moment, then, with a look of inspiration, he said: "Madame, your curvature is too upstairs!"

A rancher who is known for working his men long hours recently hired an Irishman. A day or so later the rancher said he was going to town to buy a new bed for him. "Yez needn't sit extravagant on me account," said Pat; "if it's just the same to yez, yez can cut out buyin' a new bed, and can thrade the ould wan for a lantern."

A lady was gathering statistics for a temperance society publication. Talking one day to a drayman, a big, heavy, and red-faced individual, she asked: "Well, now, my man, tell me how many glasses of beer you drink during the course of a day." The man took his hat off and scratched his head. "Well, mum," he replied, "I don't know as 'ow I can rightly tell you. Some days I 'as about thirty, but," brightening up, "on the other 'and, some days I 'as quite a lot."

A member of the House from New England tells of an occasion when he overheard an amusing colloquy between the late Thomas B. Reed and a darky barber. The "tongorial artist" was inclined to be talkative, but to all his efforts at conversation the big man from Maine returned only a monosyllable or a grunt. Finally, the barber patted the cranium of the Speaker, whereon he reposed one or two stray locks, saying: "De hair's gittin' pretty thin, sah. Been that way long?" "I was born that way," drily returned Reed.

A middle-aged Japanese and a Japanese boy stood before a steamship office regarding the globe that revolved in the window. "Do you mean to tell me," said the boy, "that the world is as round as that?" "I do," the man answered. "Then," said the boy, "I can't understand why the people on the other side don't fall off." The man sneered. "You fatigue me," he said, wearily. "Well, why is it?" the boy persisted. "Heaven," the man answered, "has given those people common sense, and they hold on."

A small girl who attends a Sunday-school class in the city came excitedly into the room one Sunday and told the teacher she had been chased by a dog. "Well," remarked the teacher, "you mustn't be afraid of a dog. Suppose you lived in a safe country where lions and bears run about?" "I wouldn't like it," promptly answered the child; "but are there any people who live there?" "Oh, yes," said the teacher, who went on to tell how missionaries risk their lives to go out and make Christians of the natives of such dangerous localities. The little girl thought a moment. Then she said: "I guess I'd rather telephone if I was a missionary."

When Senator Eugene Hale married the daughter of "Zack" Chandler, the latter, who was a great lover of children, said: "Now, Gene, I have no use for people who don't increase the census returns. I want you and Mary to raise a family, and I'll settle ten thousand dollars on every boy you have." Time passed, and the Hales were so regularly blessed with children of the male persuasion that the frequency with which "Zack" Chandler was called upon to redeem his promise with cheques became a jest.

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We cordially invite your inspection of our high-grade work. If you cannot call personally we shall be pleased to mail you samples of the newest ideas in At Home Cards, Wedding Stationery, Visiting Cards, etc. Also Ball Programmes, Theatrical Lists, Menus, Luncheon Cards, etc.

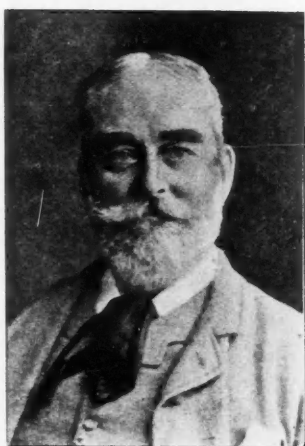
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among his friends in Washington. One morning the President received the following telegram from Senator Chandler: "For God's sake make Eugene Hale a foreign missionary! His wife has got another boy."

When a ruined gambler kills himself at Monte Carlo the employees of the Casino, to avoid a scandal, fill his pockets with gold and bank-notes. Thus the real cause of his suicide does not appear. A Yankee came to Monte Carlo with about one hundred dollars in five-franc pieces. He lost the money slowly and painfully, and late that night, in a black corner of the gardens, he fired a revolver, and, with a loud groan, fell full length on the grass. Instantly three or four dark, silent figures rushed up, filled his pockets with money, and left him there to be discovered in the morning by the police. But long before morning the enterprising Yankee, his pockets distended with gold, had shaken the dust of Monte Carlo from his feet.

United States Representative John Sharp Williams tells a story of a dandy in Mobile who recently became a convert to Christian science. It appears that, meeting a friend on the street, the convert made inquiry touching the health of the former's aunt. "She's got de pleurisy pretty bad," was the answer. "You and she is both wrong," was the solemn assertion of the convert. "As a matter of fact, she only thinks she got de pleurisy. Dere ain't no sich thing." Nothing further was said on the subject; but a few days after the two again meeting, the convert repeated his inquiries touching the aunt's condition. "Does she still persist dat she's got de pleurisy?" "No, indeed," came the reply, "de pore woman now thinks dat she's dead. We berried her yesterday."

Pat was in the habit of going home drunk every night and beating his wife Biddy. Finally she appealed to the priest. The priest called that evening, and Pat came home drunk as usual. "Pat," said the priest, "you're drunk. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn you into a rat—do you mind that? If I don't see you I'll know about it just the same, and into a rat you go. Now you mind that." Pat was very docile that night, but the next evening he came home even worse drunk than ever, kicked in the door, and Biddy dodged behind the table to defend herself. "Don't be afraid, darlint," says Pat, as he steadied himself before dropping into a chair. "I am not going to bate ye. I won't lay the weight of me finger on ye. Ye know his riverance said last night if I got drunk again he'd turn me into a rat. He didn't see me, but he knows I'm drunk, and this night into a rat I go. But watch me, and when ye see me gettin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, and me whiskers gettin' long, if ye ever loved me, darlint, for God's sake, keep yer eye on the cat."



SIR FRANK BERNARD,
Editor of London "Punch," who has
come out as a Librettist.

Some Sage Advice.

Russell Sage has a horror of lawsuits. A clerk of Mr. Sage's said the other day: "I sought out the chief one morning in his office. 'You remember, sir,' I said, 'my complaint against my wife's uncle?'"

"Yes," he answered.
"Well," said I, "the man is obdurate, and I think of bringing suit against him. What do you advise?"
"Mr. Sage was silent a moment, frowning thoughtfully. Then he said: 'Listen. When I was clerk in Troy, I had a case against a man that seemed quite as good as yours. I visited a prominent lawyer, and I laid the whole matter before him in detail. When I was through he told me that he would be delighted to take the case—that it was a case that couldn't lose.'"

"It can't lose?" said I.
"It can't lose," he repeated.
"I rose, and took up my hat. I thanked the lawyer, and told him that I wouldn't bring suit after all. And then I explained that it was my opponent's side, and not my own, which I had laid before him."

Very Frenchy.

"I notice," said Mrs. Newcome, "that you call your son 'Mal.' Mrs. Sniffkins, I suppose that's short for 'Malcolm.'"

"No, it ain't, ma'am," replied Mrs. Sniffkins, "my boy's name is a real swell one what I got out of a book. It's 'Mal de Mer Sniffkins.'"

"Hello, old man; how are your folks?"
"In pretty bad shape."
"That so?"
"Yes, all got the foot and mouth disease."
"How does it affect them?"
"It causes them to wear out all the shoes and eat up all the groceries I can buy or get credit for."

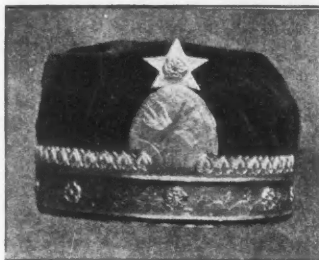
Russia's New Minister of Marine.

Admiral Birileff brings a robust disposition to his new task. He is a rollicking salt, with a Homeric stammer, a practical joker like Lord Charles Beresford. Stories about him are numberless. Here is one: When Admiral Shestakoff was in power he passed a rigorous rule that his young officers must not bankrupt themselves, buying bouquets for visiting royalties. The Empress was to visit a ship on which Birileff served. As her Majesty descended to the cabin, a huge bouquet of flowers mysteriously appeared on the table, and delighted royalty at once took possession of it. Admiral Shestakoff saw the mass of fragrant blossoms in the imperial hands, and turned furiously to his officers.

"Did I not give orders that no one must present flowers?"
"N-no-bod-y did!" stammered Birileff; "s-she t-took it hers-self!"

Will Crown Supersede Baton?

It will be interesting news to Toronto choirmasters and singers to learn that in England a crown may soon become the sign of merit presented to a conductor instead of the



customary baton. Chester has thrown aside the silver-mounted baton which it has been usual to present to the conductor of the winning choir at singing festivals in favor of the silver crown here illustrated. Mr. J. Charles Clarke was duly crowned when his choir from Southport gained the chief prize of £50 at Chester recently.

First Workingman Cabinet Minister.

Shades of Pitt and Beaconsfield! What would those elegant dandies say could they come back and see John Burns, the working engineer, the labor organizer, the union leader, a member of Parliament and the London County Council, received by the King as the Right Honorable John Burns, P.C., M.P., president of the local government board. In the history of British politics no more remarkable event has been recorded than that of the swearing in by the sovereign of this man as a member of the cabinet. The humble laboring man sharing the power of ruling the masses with "belted earls" is an anomaly never witnessed before in Britain. There is no better example in modern times of what heights a man may aspire to if he will, like Burns, not lose his head or be turned from his aims and principles. When Burns became a labor leader and was elected to Parliament he was put on an annual allowance of \$750 from the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and all outside extra inducements were refused. When he kissed the royal hand he wore his usual serge reefer suit; the same suit served him well at the succeeding banquet given by the premier. This rugged honesty has endeared Burns to the hearts of all Englishmen. In his new office he has administrative and parliamentary supervision of all municipalities in the kingdom. His power and \$10,000 salary will not change his mode of life or his aims, and he may yet be premier.

Matchless!

They're made in millions every day, And sold in millions, too; Yet million voices daily say, "Have you a match on you?" And, oh, alas! I grieve to tell (For conscience red doth glow), A million answers loudly swell The atmosphere with "No!"

Not Caught Up.

A man who was traveling through the Ozark Mountains on horseback stopped before a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way. "What's the news?" asked the mountaineer, as he leaned his lank frame against the fence and pulled his long beard thoughtfully.

On finding that what had become a part of history was news to him, the traveler asked why he did not take one weekly or even monthly periodical, that he might keep in touch with the world at large.
"Wal," said the old man, "when my pa died, ten years ago, he left me a stack of newspapers that high"—indicating a height of about three feet—"and I ain't done readin' of 'em yet."

Infant Diversions.

Two ladies, one of whom carried a baby, entered a well-known furnisher's one day last summer, and signified their desire to look at some carpets. It was very warm, but the salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll until the perspiration streamed from his face. Finally one of the ladies asked the other if she did not think it was time to go. "Not quite," was the answer of her companion; and then in an undertone added: "Rube likes to see him roll them out, and we've plenty of time to catch the train."

"You have a child, I believe?" asked the manager of the stylish boarding-house. "Yes; three years old," replied the mother, gazing through her lorgnette. "She will have to eat at another table with the nurse." "But my dog may I bring him to the table with me?" "Oh, yes, there's no sort of objection to the dog!"

UNHARNESSED NIAGARA FALLS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

THE American and Canadian governments cannot act too quickly and too decisively if the Niagara Falls are to be preserved from the despoiling clutches of the big electrical companies which are now striving to harness the waters to their power plants, says the San Francisco "Bulletin." Even with the promptest measures there is strong reason to doubt whether the magnificent cataracts are not already doomed to destruction. But there is absolutely no question as to the effect that will follow the installation of new power plants on the banks of Niagara River. The ruin which is now problematical and may be avoided would then be certain.

There are at the present time two power companies operating on the American side of the falls, and three either actively or tentatively engaged on the Canadian side. These five companies hold charters which permit them to draw 48,000 cubic feet of water from the falls per second. The water is conveyed by tunnels, canals and pipe lines from points above the brink of the falls to the level of the river below. As the rock over which the cataract plunges is ten feet higher on the American than on the Canadian side, the great bulk of the water descends in the Canadian falls, and it is obvious that Niagara Falls on the American side will be exhausted first. The full volume of the Niagara River at the brink of the immense precipice over which it plunges for a sheer descent of 161 feet is 224,000 cubic feet of water per second. It has been estimated by engineers who have given the problem careful study that when 40,000 cubic feet per second of this immense volume of water shall have been diverted from the river the American falls will be reduced to a trickling stream, and that when 80,000 cubic feet have been taken away, curious sightseers who come to view the remains of Niagara will be able to walk dry-shod from the American mainland to Goat Island. With five companies already levying on the waters which supply the two falls for 48,000 cubic feet of water, their estimates seem to foreshadow the day when Niagara shall cease to be.

This evil, however, is still remote; another commands more particular attention, for it is of the immediate future. During the last session of the New York Legislature the most determined efforts were made to renew an old charter which would allow a sixth power company still further to drain Niagara River. This company proposes to carry 10,000 cubic feet of water per second by canal to Lake Ontario. A seventh project is that of the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commissioners. This engineer has located sites for four more Canadian companies which consume 30,000 cubic feet of water. This makes a grand total of 88,000 cubic feet of water, and it is this amount which will be drawn from the river unless two governments take quick action to prevent the outrage.

For an outrage it unquestionably is that the largest and most magnificent cataract in the world should be sacrificed to commercial greed. Such an act of vandalism is without precedent, and if it is not prevented, a dry and naked precipice will remind future generations of Americans in the United States and Canada of a wanton official crime against the beauties of nature.

The First Requisite.

The young woman journalist was entertaining a half-dozen Wellesley undergraduates at tea. It was an expensive tea, served in an expensive apartment. Plainly the young woman journalist was doing well.

"Yes, I am doing well," she admitted. "I write fashions now. But when I was a high-class journalist, interviewing celebrities on my own hook, I couldn't afford to give teas. These celebrities! If they would only talk! You visit them expecting to extract a \$25 story. You come away with a quarter one—or nothing. 'Once I sought out Richard Watson Gilder in order to get from him five or six columns of good stuff on 'Sweeping Women in Literature.' A fetching subject, eh?"

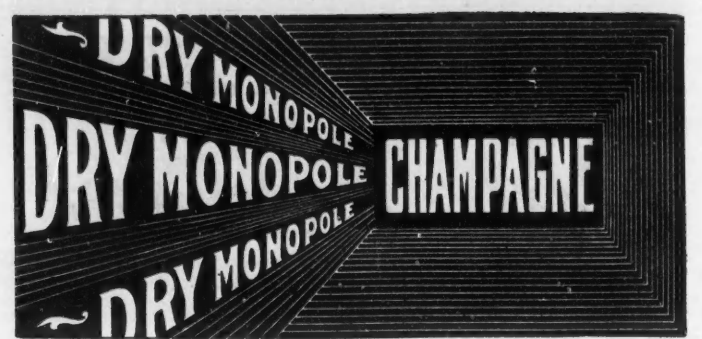
"But, alas! Mr. Gilder wasn't in a talkative mood. When I suggested this glorious topic to him, when I opened fire with the first question, 'What is the chief requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' he replied: 'Postage stamps.'"

Shah Jehan's Elephant.

It is probable that few architectural novelties have traveled so much as the stone elephant which stands in a commanding attitude in front of the town hall, Delhi. It was the great Mughal Emperor, Shah Jehan, who first caused the elephant to be set up at the gate of his new palace at Delhi after having it conveyed all the way from Gwalior. As it must weigh several tons, the transport of it could have been no light matter. This potentate's son, Aurengzeb, took a dislike to the monument and had it buried in the Queen's garden, Delhi, after it had been smashed to pieces. The fragments lay undisturbed for more than a century and a half until they were found by an enterprising spirit, who had them put together in an out-of-the-way part of the garden. This was in 1866, and a quarter of a century later the animal was set up in front of the town hall.

To Mexico Monday, Jan. 29th.

Never before has there been such an opportunity to visit Mexico, and this is positively the only party that will take in all points of interest. Call on C. E. Horning, City Ticket Agent of Grand Trunk, North-West corner of King and Yonge streets, for full particulars.



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OVER 8000 MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.

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DEAR SIR:—I am very pleased to say your preparation, "Wincarnis," has in my experience done all that you claim for it. I have tried it in three cases of Pyramia, and was more than satisfied, and also in ordinary cases of debility with complete satisfaction. I shall most certainly prescribe it in future as a reliable tonic and stimulant.
Yours truly,
Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.
Your truly, — M.B., etc.

A VALUABLE PICK-ME-UP.
Bury, July 2, 1905.
DEAR SIR:—Please forward accompanying order. I have a very high opinion of the value of your "Wincarnis," and have used it in a case of debility following Scarlatina at the isolation hospital. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
— L.R.C.P., and M.R.C.S.

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Special round trip rates to Cuba, Old Mexico and California on sale daily.

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MUSIC

THE musical season is now in full swing, and we are getting a multiplicity of concerts that is proving very embarrassing to the journalistic chronicler of events, who finds himself often in the dilemma of having to attend three or four musical functions on one evening. The arrangement of dates is not conducted on a sound or convenient plan, even for the special public who are dependent upon for support. The early months of the season are allowed to pass in comparative inactivity, while the majority of the concerts, big and little, are crowded into a short period of about seven weeks. And it generally happens that the American Theatrical Trust send us their strongest dramatic and operatic attractions during the months of January, February and March. Would it not be a wise and a prudent thing for our local soloists, both vocal and instrumental, to distribute their recitals more evenly throughout the season?

It is rarely that a local solo pianist plays before an audience of more than a thousand people, but Mr. Harry M. Field, at his recital on Monday evening, had reason for congratulation that he played before a sympathetic gathering of about twelve hundred music-lovers. Mr. Field, in the carrying out of a very exacting programme, quite equalled, if he did not excel, any of his former efforts before the public here. While his virtuosity was conspicuously in evidence, it did not overshadow his loving care of details, his observance of tonal nuances and his finished phrasing in his exposition of his music, to say nothing of his conscientious devotion to the unity of the composition. His playing of Liszt's "Consolation" in D flat was broad and impressive, of the Liszt "Valse Impromptu," rich in fancy and caprice, while he gave brilliancy and inspiring force to the Liszt "Polonaise" in E flat, and offered a great contrast of style in the "Venezia e Napoli," by the same composer. The Rubinstein-Siloti "Lesginka" ballet music from the opera "The Demon" was perhaps his most seizing tour de force. Its wild, almost uncanny revelry, its fast and furious pace were vividly brought out by his treatment, which had free play owing to the fact that there was no restraining influence in lack of technical equipment. The Liszt Rhapsodies are getting somewhat hackneyed at our concerts, but it may be said that there was no obvious conventionalism in Mr. Field's performance of the No. 14, which was an elastic and brightly illuminated reproduction. Mr. Hahn was the assisting artist, and in addition to playing a couple of violoncello solos, joined Mr. Field in the "cello" part of the Rubinstein's duo sonata in D major. The strong feature of Mr. Hahn's violoncello work is his expressive singing style and tone, and these were the merits of his performance that specially appealed to the audience.

On Thursday evening of last week Miss Lillian Landell, and advanced pupil of Mr. Harry Field, with Mr. Frank C. Smith, violinist, gave a joint recital in St. George's Hall before an audience that were not slow to recognize the general attraction of the programme and the merits of performance. Miss Landell is a pianist of much accomplishment of technique, of a well-balanced musical temperament, free from introspection, mannerisms or affectation, and with sound interpretative powers that reflect the legitimate trend of the music which she essays. The Bach prelude and Fugue in D major, her opening number, was a clear-cut and lucid exposition of the text, while her second number, the Schumann-Liszt "Frühlingsnacht," was charmingly rendered as to sympathetic mood and finish of execution. In a group of Chopin short pieces she delighted her hearers by her alternate delicacy and brilliancy of style and execution. Her final number, the first movement of the Beethoven concerto in C minor, was an exemplification of broad, substantial work, of excellent bravura and of episodes of graciousness and sentiment. She had the advantage of being accompanied on a second piano in this composition by Mr. Harry Field, on whose instruction she reflects so much credit. Mr. Smith, who is one of Toronto's representative violinists, divided the honors of the evening by his appropriate rendering of two movements from a concerto of Viotti. In the Andante he was very successful in reproducing the transparent clearness and the symmetrical grace of the old music, while the Allegro was executed with a pointed rhythm and a spontaneous blitheness that struck one as congenial to the music. In conjunction with Mr. Landell he played the Rubinstein duo sonata in G. Op. 13 (omitting the air with variations) with skilful technique and well contrasted style. Miss Lillian Porter was the accompanist for

of displaying his versatility. In the finale of the Mendelssohn Concerto he showed a brilliancy that evoked a burst of applause, but perhaps his greatest triumph was in the "Moto Perpetuo," by Ries, and the "Hungarian Rhapsody," by Hauser. In these numbers he showed facile command of technical difficulties, and his tone throughout was excellent. His lighter numbers were particularly felicitous. Altogether he showed marked improvement since his recital of last year. The programme was as follows: Wieniawski, Romance from second Concerto; Mendelssohn, Andante and Finale from Concerto; Van der Stucken (vocal), "Fahli, Fallah," sung by Miss Florence Ingram, pupil of Mr. A. T. Cringan; Bach, "Aria," Hauser, "Hungarian Rhapsody," Bach (piano), Prelude, C minor, and Godard (piano), Mazurka, E flat, played by Miss Alice Layburn, pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp; Ries, "Moto Perpetuo," Costa, "I Will Extol Thee" (Eli), sung by Miss M. Agnes Parker, pupil of Mr. R. S. Pigott; Godard, "Berceuse," and Musin, "Mazurka de Concert." Mr. Rutherford was accompanied by Miss Jessie C. Perry.

The second of the series of twilight organ recitals in the Central Methodist Church, Bloor street east, will be given this (Saturday) afternoon at four o'clock. Mr. Hewlett, the organist of Centenary Church, Hamilton, has been engaged for the occasion. Mr. Hewlett is well-known in Toronto, and many of his old friends will doubtless be pleased to hear him again. Mrs. Carter Merry and Mr. Frank Bernrose will assist in the programme.

An odd and rather startling complaint is made by "Professor" in the London "Musical Times." Since Schumann's death the orchestra in Germany has not improved, except perhaps in technique. This is particularly true of the tone of the brass instruments; for, whereas, in the scores of the so-called classical composers the character-tone of the horns was kept distinct from that of the trumpet-toned instruments (trumpets and trombones), it is now all merged into what for a better word must be called the "mud-tone." This has been brought about by the great deterioration of handcraft, the disappearance of the old master-workman with the result that, in order to make the instruments at all possible from the playing point of view, their proportions have had to be increased to a ridiculous extent, in order to arrive somewhat near just intonation. But this lamentable change has ruined the character-tone of the brass instruments in Germany, and now we are told by a German conductor that in London orchestras the trumpet must give way to an instrument that is not a trumpet. English trumpeters have always been celebrated for their splendid tone, and tone is very much a matter of tradition. It can be soon lost, as in Germany, and it is to be hoped English trumpeters will refuse to sell their birthright at the bidding of any itinerant foreign conductor. It is only fair to add that Dr. Richter would be the very last to countenance any change of the tone.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's birthday will be celebrated to-day (Saturday) throughout Europe, as well as in the principal cities of the United States. In New York the celebration will take the shape of a revival of "Don Giovanni" at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Mme. Nordica as Donna Anna and Mme. Sembrich as Zerlina. It will be timely here to report Gounod's tribute to Mozart, published in his commentary on "Don Giovanni," "Mozart, divine Mozart! To know thee is to worship thee. Thou art the personification of perpetual truth, perfect beauty, inexhaustible charm; always profound, yet always clear; combining the entire knowledge of humanity with the simplicity of childhood! Thou hast experienced all things, and expressed them in a musical language that never has been and never will be surpassed." Beethoven said: "I have always reckoned myself among the great admirers of Mozart, and shall do so till the day of my death." Finally one may quote Rubinstein, who said: "In hearing Mozart, I always want to exclaim: 'Eternal sunshine in music, thy name is Mozart.'"

Is it not strange that in a musical center like Toronto the music of Mozart is rarely heard. His opera—his masterpiece—"Don Giovanni," has never been heard in Toronto during the past thirty years, and I fancy that it has never been presented in this city. I should like to hear as to this from some of the oldest musical inhabitants.

An English teacher tells a strange tale of remarkable musical talent: "A young lady who had a passing fancy for taking up the piano again, managed after a good deal of wrestling

and practice, to perform tolerably a hymn tune, which she did to a musical friend. A week later she was found to be getting on famously, having learned another tune, which she proceeded to play. The tune was the same one as it appeared in another part of the book in a different key. She did not know it!"

Last Saturday afternoon an enjoyable recital was given at the Toronto College of Music by piano and vocal pupils of Dr. Torrington. Following is the programme: Piano—Liszt, "Liebestraum"; Chopin, "Berceuse"; Molna O'Connor; Chopin, "Ballade" in A flat and "Valse," Op. 42, Dollie Blair; Mendelssohn, "Concerto" in G

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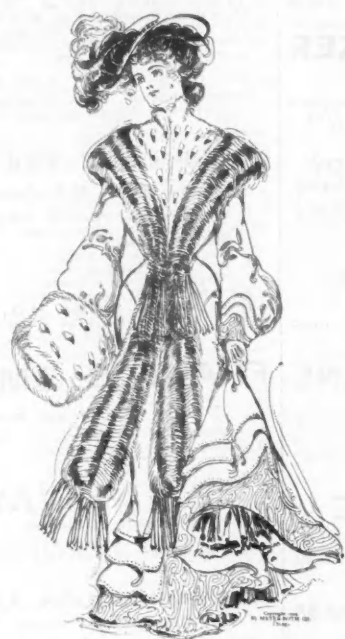
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1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2355, 2357, 2359, 2361, 2363, 2365, 2367, 2369, 2371, 2373, 2375, 2377, 2379, 2381, 2383, 2385, 2387, 2389, 2391, 2393, 2395, 2397, 2399, 2401, 2403, 2405, 2407, 2409, 2411, 2413, 2415, 2417, 2419, 2421, 2423, 2425, 2427, 2429, 2431, 2433, 2435, 2437, 2439, 2441, 2443, 2445, 2447, 2449, 2451, 2453, 2455, 2457, 2459, 2461, 2463, 2465, 2467, 2469, 2471, 2473, 2475, 2477, 2479, 2481, 2483, 2485, 2487, 2489, 2491, 2493, 2495, 2497, 2499, 2501, 2503, 2505, 2507, 2509, 2511, 2513, 2515, 2517, 2519, 2521, 2523, 2525, 2527, 2529, 2531, 2533, 2535, 2537, 2539, 2541, 2543, 2545, 2547, 2549, 2551, 2553, 2555, 2557, 2559, 2561, 2563, 2565, 2567, 2569, 2571, 2573, 2575, 2577, 2579, 2581, 2583, 2585, 2587, 2589, 2591, 2593, 2595, 2597, 2599, 2601, 2603, 2605, 2607, 2609, 2611, 2613, 2615, 2617, 2619, 2621, 2623, 2625, 2627, 2629, 2631, 2633, 2635, 2637, 2639, 2641, 2643, 2645, 2647, 2649, 2651, 2653, 2655, 2657, 2659, 2661, 2663, 2665, 2667, 2669, 2671, 2673, 2675, 2677, 2679, 2681, 2683, 2685, 2687, 2689, 2691, 2693, 2695, 2697, 2699, 2701, 2703, 2705, 2707, 2709, 2711, 2713, 2715, 2717, 2719, 2721, 2723, 2725, 2727, 2729, 2731, 2733, 2735, 2737, 2739, 2741, 2743, 2745, 2747, 2749, 2751, 2753, 2755, 2757, 2759, 2761, 2763, 2765, 2767, 2769, 2771, 2773, 2775, 2777, 2779, 2781, 2783, 2785, 2787, 2789, 2791, 2793, 2795, 2797, 2799, 2801, 2803, 2805, 2807, 2809, 2811, 2813, 2815, 2817, 2819, 2821, 2823, 2825, 2827, 2829, 2831, 2833, 2835, 2837, 2839, 2841, 2843, 2845, 2847, 2849, 2851, 2853, 2855, 2857, 2859, 2861, 2863, 2865, 2867, 2869, 2871, 2873, 2875, 2877, 2879, 2881, 2883, 2885, 2887, 2889, 2891, 2893, 2895, 2897, 2899, 2901, 2903, 2905, 2907, 2909, 2911,

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THE ROBERT

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minor, Evelyn Ashworth; Bach, "Presto" (Italian Concerto), Mamie McDonald; Chopin, "Rondo" for two pianos, Mamie McDonald and Gertrude Anderson; Vocal: Bonheur, "Forever More," Margaret Casey; Verdi, "Requiem" and "Aria," "Ah Strano" (Traviata), Nellie Van Camp; Donizetti, "Requiem" and "Aria," "O Mio Fernando" (La Favorita), Katharine Ellis; Gounod, "Jewel Song" (Faust), Ethel Robinson; Rossini, "O Patria" (Tancredi), Olive Scholey.

An English lecturer, Mr. H. A. Keyser, has chosen for his discourses such enlivening subjects as "Is Modern Music Decadent?" and "Richard Strauss and the Graveyard School."

Miss Abbie May Helmer, the talented piano pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, won a pronounced triumph at her recital in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening before a large and critical audience. The occasion marked her first public appearance since her return from Germany. Miss Helmer's powers have ripened and expanded, and, while she retains all the splendid technical equipment which she possessed last season, she has shaken off that dreamy contemplation in her interpretations which often prevented her in some measure in getting direct at the impressionability of her audiences. She played with remarkable breadth and sonority, but her tone, while large, was always musical, and revealed a wide range of nuances. She proved, moreover, that she could evoke at will the most delicate ethereal tones of her instrument, while her renderings showed the impulse of imagination, fancy and tender feeling when these qualities were called upon. Her programme contained such virtuosos numbers as the Liszt "Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude," which was quite an impressionist effort and a fine technical achievement, the Chopin Scherzo, Op. 31, the Schubert-Liszt "Ave Maria," the Wagner-Liszt "Liebestod," played with striking emotional expression, the Liszt "Venezia e Napoli," and the Chopin Polonaise, Op. 53, a brilliant tour de force. Mrs. Grace Lillian Carter Merry was the vocalist, and contributed several songs with her accustomed beauty of voice and style.

The compilation of a new church hymnal is always a serious undertaking, and the recent meeting of the Canadian Church of England compilation committee conducted their proceedings with an earnestness that showed that they recognized the importance of their task. The committee was representative of every section of the Church and every shade of recognized Church opinion. They had before them an immense mass of material, every standard hymnal

passing in review. "One who was present" reports: "As to the great bulk of hymns selected as a basis for the Canadian Hymnal, there was absolute agreement; all were unanimous in the selection and inclusion of hymns that have become endeared to all sorts and conditions of churchmen. The assistance rendered by the lists from the clergy, organists, and women's auxiliaries was very great, and it was significant that in almost every case the returns coincided with the judgments of the committee, showing that the unanimity of the committee only reflected the wonderful harmony and unanimity of judgment of the greater Church world of the diocese of Canada. One point was especially significant, that scarcely any hymn was voted for as indispensable which had an unsingable tune, and that the hymns marked as practically never used were almost invariably those with tunes to them that cannot be sung. The meeting was very practical and business-like. Very little time was spent on technicalities or the discussion of words and phrases in the spirit of pedantic scholasticism. The discussions were rarely academic. They were practical to a degree. The first thing settled was the general form of the book, and then the style and number of indexes along the latest and best ideas of the latest and best English and American hymnals. It was decided also to secure the counsel and advice of some of the expert musicians amongst the organists of the Church in Canada, instructions being given to the musical committee to that effect. A remarkable fact was the combination in happy unanimity of the spirit of conservatism and progressiveness. On the one hand each seemed resolved to hold fast everything that was linked with the traditional dignity and power of Anglican hymnology; all that was sweet and strong and hallowed amongst English Church hymns was retained without remonstrance. On the other hand a desire to have all that was best suited to Canadian Church life in city, town, and village, and country, was manifested also; e.g., hymns like 'Stand up for Jesus,' 'Rescue the Perishing,' 'Jesus I Will Trust Thee,' 'Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne,' and others found in the last edition of the Ancient and Modern, and the Church Hymns."

CHERUBINO.

The Ruling Passion.

There are few illnesses serious enough to make an ordinary self-respecting woman indifferent to the shade of her countenance and the cut and quality of her nightgown—"Ladies' Field."

He—Don't you think that some of her sayings are smart?
She—They aren't, but they do.

The Same Result.

A well-known Bishop of Tennessee was taking his customary stroll through the park the other morning. He happened to sit down on one of the benches there. Now the Bishop is a very great man, not only in the Methodist Church, but in embonpoint as well. His weight proved too much for the bench, which collapsed, spilling him on the ground. About this time a little girl, rolling a hoop along, saw the reverend gentleman prostrate and offered her assistance. "But, my little girl," said the Bishop, "do you think you could help such a great heavy man to his feet?" "Oh, yes," replied the little girl, "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he's been even drunker than you are."

The Ideal Clothing.

In Montana, along the line of the Great Northern Railroad, a pelting rain was falling one November day. Inside the section-house the rusty soft coal stove, sitting in its box of sawdust, was red with heat. Two section hands came in, dripping like the proverbial rats, and proceeded to stand as close to the stove as they well could without being scorched. Shortly, clouds of steam ascended from their soaked clothing and the small room soon resembled a vapor bath.

"Tell you, Mike," said one, as he squeezed the water from the hem of his trousers, "overalls is the things to wear, for no matter how wet they are, they are so soon dry."

"Naw, Jawn, mackinaws is the byes," replied the other as he looked down with satisfaction at his plaid suit of thick woolen. "Mackinaws is the only clothes, for when ye are wet and cold, they keep ye so warm and dry."

Unintentionally Frank.

It was a typographical error that threatened to bring streaks of gray into the locks of the editor of a newly started weekly which purported to chronicle the doings of the smart set of a western city. In reality, however, it sold out the edition, and filled the readers with a desire to see what would develop in the succeeding numbers. The subject of the paragraph was a pink luncheon given by a well-known matron. When the edition was given to the public it was found that the opening lines of general eulogy were followed by the bald statement, "The luncheon was punk."

Young Husband—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.

Society at the Capital.

LADY VICTORIA GRENFELL, who, as Lady Victoria Grey, during her stay at Government House several seasons ago made so many warm friends in the Capital, has this week, with her sisters, the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, been feted on all sides; and among the many functions given especially to welcome her back to Canada once more, perhaps that which proved the most enjoyable was an At Home at which Mrs. W. J. Anderson entertained on Wednesday afternoon. All the Capital's smartest people were there, both married and single, and the presence of several of the sterner sex added considerably to the enjoyment. Mrs. Anderson's lofty and handsome rooms were charmingly decorated and lighted with hosts of candles in beautiful silver sconces and lovely old silver candelabra. A quaint old silver centerpiece was also used on the table, over which a large yellow shade cast a soft and becoming light. Ottawa's boy-singer, Master Desrosiers, sang several selections most sweetly during the afternoon to the delight of all the guests.

A luncheon on Thursday, given by Miss Winifred Gormully, was also in honor of the younger ladies from Government House. The table was pronounced to be one of the prettiest and daintiest seen this season, pink carnations in profusion being used for decorations. The other guests included Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, Miss Sparks, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Marjorie Blair, Miss Lillian Dainty and Miss Gladys Powell.

Captain Bell, who was such a popular aide-de-camp during the régime of Lord and Lady Minto, is another welcome visitor to Government House who has been renewing old acquaintances in Ottawa, and on Wednesday a dinner party at Earncliffe was given in his honor by Mrs. Charles A. Harris, and those invited to meet the guest "particulier" were: Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. James Smellie, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Winifred Gormully, Miss Lillian Dainty, Miss Lemoine, Captain Newton, A.D.C., Mr. Sam McDougall, Mr. J. A. Ritchie, Mr. Gladwyn MacDougall and Mr. C. Berkeley Powell.

One of the most delightful dances of the season so far was that given by Mrs. T. Leopold Willson on Thursday evening in honor of her guest and sister, Miss Emily Parks of Maryville, California, and Miss Loretta Smith of New York, who is also one of the house party. Mrs. Willson's residence, which is one of the handsomest in Metcalfe street and which has recently been undergoing many improvements, is an ideal house for a dance, and the large sun-parlor, opening off the drawing-room, proved a most temptingly comfortable and luxurious sitting-out-room for those who cared to rest between whiles, and was prettily lighted with many Chinese lanterns. Mrs. Willson looked extremely pretty and very youthful in a gown of white point d'Alençon lace over white Duchesse satin; Miss Parks, who is a tall, handsome brunette, was particularly stunning in a gown of soft pink satin, and Miss Smith wore a dainty frock of white organdy with quantities of lace trimmings. About one hundred and fifty guests enjoyed the dance, which can be counted as one of the most complete successes of this year's social events.

Mrs. Hammett P. Hill's residence in Concession street was the scene of a brilliant assemblage on Friday at the tea-hour, when Ottawa's four hundred were well represented. Miss Besse Hill received with her mother, while Mrs. T. Cameron Bate and Mrs. A. P. Sherwood performed the more arduous duties of attending to the tea and coffee urns. A number of young girls, including Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, Miss Gwen Clemow, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Gladys Irwin and the Misses Kittson, moved about among the guests with offerings of the most dainty confections, ices, etc.

Hon. Mr. Hyman, who has proved himself such a popular dinner host, added another to the already long list of delightful little entertainments he has given this winter at the Golf and Country Club, and on Thursday made Miss Marjorie Powell his special guest, to meet whom he invited a party of sixteen young people chaperoned by Mrs. Berkeley Powell, and a most charming dinner was enjoyed by the following: Miss Edna Moore, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Elsie Burn, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Mary Grey and her guest, Miss Elsa Brannan of Boston, Mr. Sam McDougall, Mr. Max Mudie, Mr. Archie Grey, Mr. Mackenzie King, Mr. Percy Wright and Mr. Ernest Girouard. Red and pink roses, in combination with lilies of the valley, were arranged in a diagonal design across the table from corner to corner, and were most effective. Miss Powell carried a sheaf of the most gorgeous American Beauty roses. After dinner an orchestra furnished music, and a dance added to the fun of the evening, the party returning to town by special car at midnight.

Towards the end of the week several little dinners were on the tapis, the respective hosts and hostesses being Sir Louis and Lady Davies, who entertained on Friday; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, who chose the same evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reade, who, on Thursday, gave a particularly smart little dinner, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Southam, Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, Mrs. Clifford Sitton had made arrangements for two dinners, one to come off on Thursday and another on Friday, but unfortunately she was hurriedly summoned to Winnipeg to the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Bettles who is again seriously ill.

The visit of the team of lady curlers from Montreal on Tuesday, when



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it was their intention to play a match with the lady curlers of Ottawa, resulted in a disappointment as far as the game was concerned, the soft weather having again arrived to interfere with their arrangements and the ice being in too miserable a condition to allow of even an attempt at a match. However, a very happy thought occurred to somebody, and a game of bridge was suggested, which proved an exceedingly welcome "balm" for the disappointment. A delicious little luncheon was also on the programme for the day, and the visiting team left for home on the evening train with just as pleasant memories of their trip as if they had won the victory, and with the promise to return at a later date to accomplish the intended match.

The usual skating and tobogganing party at Government House came off on Saturday despite the very wet and disagreeable weather, but it was very slimly attended, owing to the latter. However, those who were there managed to enjoy themselves immensely, and the ice was in fairly good condition. Lady Grey and all the house party were present and Captain Clive Bell was warmly welcomed in Canada again by his many Ottawa friends.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, January 22nd, 1906.

Thin Ice.

When Prue and I went skating (Prue is twenty and petite) I must confess I lingered O'er her dainty little feet, Till Prudence cried out archly: "The ice is getting thin, If you kneel around much longer We both shall tumble in."

When Prue and I went skating I grew for once quite bold. We had done the "Roll" together And she said her hand was cold, So I warmed it. (Do you blame me? Prue is pink and young and fair.) Then she cried in mock alarm: "The ice is breaking, sir. Take care!"

When Prue and I went skating (The coast was clear) I dared To draw her to me gently While I told her that I cared; And she dropped her lashes shyly, So I kissed her. Wouldn't you? And I knew without a word from her The ice had broken through. —"Lippincott's."

Pong on the Line.

Pong Bow, a Chinese laundryman of Terre Haute, Ind., went on an excursion to Niagara Falls last summer and stepped across the "line" into Canada. Having satisfied his aesthetic senses, Pong turned to come back into "Amurrica." He missed his train, and is still in Canada because Uncle Sam doesn't readmit laborers who leave. But Pong Bow is in trouble in Canada because no Chinese can enter this country without paying \$500 head tax. The wails of Bow have reached the White House and Ottawa. Commissioner of Immigration Sargent refused relief. Now Congressman Holliday of Indiana has approached the President. Canada has offered to waive the \$500 tax if Mr. Roosevelt requests it. But if Pong can't come back? If the President refuses to "request," and Pong can't dig up the \$500? Must he stay on the "line" for life?

As Motorists.

The new British cabinet, from a motorist's point of view, says the "Car," is satisfactory on the whole. Of nineteen members eight are motorists and use motor-cars habitually, while five more are occasional users of mechanical road vehicles. The members of the new ministry who are motorists are Sir Robert Reid, the Earl of Crewe, the Marquis of Ripon, Herbert Gladstone, Sir Edward Gray, Mr. Asquith, Lord Tweedmouth and Earl Carrington, and Lord Aberdeen and L. V. Harcourt, who are not in the cabinet. Those not actually owners or habitual users of motor-cars, but who may be considered friendly, are as follows: The Earl of Elgin, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Lloyd-George, and Sydney Buxton. John Burns, of the local Government Board, is a distinctly good appointment from the "Car's" point of view, as he has been for some time a student of locomotion problems. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not a motorist, and on one or two occasions he has made speeches indicating that he is inclined to be an anti-motorist.

Coming to the Princess.

The second act of "The College Widow," which will come to the Princess Theater for one week, beginning February 5th, will be viewed with keen interest by every graduate of a fresh-water college. It shows the gymnasium on the occasion of a faculty reception to the students. The boys enter in line to shake hands with the president and his daughter, all tugging at their collars, cuffs and cravats as they draw nearer the receiving party. About every other one is in evening dress; the others have made some effort to overcome the handicap of not having such apparel. The question of owning a "full-dress suit" is a vital one in the small college. It puts such a damper upon the poorer student to be outshone at a dance or reception as to make him likely to stay away. Amherst, at one time, considered the plan of having its prosperous alumni supply dress clothes, which were to be loaned secretly to the less fortunate students. The second episode is only one of several which indicate with what patience for detail the "College Widow" was thought out and written. George Ade, the author, was a graduate of Purdue in the eighties and may be reckoned, naturally, as an expert observer.

Pantomiming.

She—Yes; when the burglar broke into my room I was almost undressed. He—How very embarrassing! What did you do?
She—Oh, he was a perfect gentleman; he at once covered me with his revolver.

All the Difference.

Employer—Keep away, man! Didn't you write and tell me you couldn't come to the office because you had rabies? Keep off, I tell you.

The Clerk—Oh, a slight mistake, sir. I wrote "babies." My bad handwriting again. Twins this time, sir.

Weary—I tell you how to make money. Buy thermometers now and sell 'em next July.

Berry—What for?
Weary—They're bound to go up.



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REASON WHY DEATH IS EASIER THAN MARRIAGE.

NOTHING shows quite so conclusively that the race is only half civilized as the way in which marriages are conducted. In all the other important events of life a fair amount of privacy is possible, but when a man takes unto himself a wife, or a woman leads a man to the altar, they are supposed to do it in the full light of publicity. It is not considered polite to inquire curiously into the circumstances of a birth or death. In the first case, the proud father will gladly tell the few particulars that outsiders are entitled to know, and in the second, the bereaved ones' feelings are so far respected that they are not solicited to review the sacred details of the last moments. When a young man starts in business or embarks in a profession nobody of ordinary politeness thinks of asking him the amount of his salary or fees. The same etiquette applies to most relations of life, but there is no such restraint shown, no such reserve allowed in the case of marriage.

Social integrity no doubt demands that marriages should not be contracted secretly, but between dangerous secrecy and proper privacy there is a wide difference which man, as he becomes more civilized, will appreciate and respect. The tender feeling which springs up between a man and a maid, and causes them to "go together," can very seldom be concealed from the eyes of prying friends. For this the exuberance of affection is sometimes partly responsible, but even when the lovers are careful to avoid all public demonstrations the secret is soon known. Just how it is learned would be hard to say; probably by a system of espionage which shows that most women and some men have the makings of excellent detectives in them. In anything else of a private nature this espionage would be resented as an unpardonable insult, but when it concerns a love affair it is accepted as a matter of course. If a prying neighbor should trumpet abroad the information that Mrs. Smith is in arrears with the rent, right-minded people would receive the tattle and the tattler with contempt, but if similar methods of detection result in the discovery that Miss Smith is being courted by Mr. Jones, everyone listens and seeks for further light in the matter. And so it comes to pass that before poor Mr. Jones has proposed and been accepted the neighbors know the life history of his father and grandfather, the amount of his savings and salary, his future prospects, the sins of his adolescence, the names of the girls who interested him before Miss Smith came into his life, and a startling array of other information which is no one's business but his own.

By the time that the Smith-Jones romance has advanced to the point where the engagement is announced, both of the young people are better known to their friends and neighbors than to each other. Wherever women most do congregate—at teas, sewing circles, receptions and other social gatherings—gossip buzzes excitedly about their devoted heads, and it must be admitted, in all fairness, that many men are not averse from having their curiosity appeased with morsels of news about Mr. Jones' presents and Miss Smith's trousseau. With the formal announcement of the engagement the bride-to-be begins to assist in the publication of her romance. She places her fiancé on exhibition for all her friends to gaze at. They come, they see and inevitably they criticize. She unburdens her heart in the strictest confidence to her dearest friends, and they learn and spread tender secrets which Mr. Jones had no intention should ever be committed to anyone but his future wife. She also places her wedding garments, all of them, on exhibition, in order that her girl friends may rhapsodize over them, and during this peculiar function her home takes on the appearance of a bargain day at the departmental store.

When the happy day has come on which Miss Smith takes the name and dignity of Mrs. Jones the newspapers (they have duly chronicled the progress of the engagement) give the last touch of publicity, and the bride and groom fly from the madding prying to the blessed seclusion of the honeymoon. Meanwhile the friends who would blush to ask the particulars of birth, and shrink with instinctive delicacy from unnecessary questioning about death, cast about for other romances that are trying to dodge the bright glare of publicity.

Surrounded.

The Soubrette—He has sent me this bouquet and a note. He says I was among the prettiest girls on the stage to-night.

The Comedian—Yes. I noticed you were among 'em.

Seemingly Not.

"They have some china that has been in the family for years."

"Indeed! Haven't they any servants?"

Thomas W. Lawson will remain a mystery as long as it is not known whether, in playing the market, he follows his own public tips.

Just for Fun.

A Gotham attorney named Hughes is a wonder at twisting the scruples. His name is a terror To people in error, Especially to friends of Depughes'.

Hard Guessing.

Hi—What's in the bag, Hez?
Hi—Pumpkins.
Hi—How many?
Hez—If ye kin guess, I'll gin ye both of 'em.

A Quaint Bath Character.

I myself used often to meet in Bath a little queer plinth of a man, whose nationality I could not make out, but every inch of whose five feet was suggestive of Dickens. His face, topped by a frowzy cap, was twisted in a sort of fixed grin, and his eyes looked different ways, perhaps to prevent any attempt of mine to escape him. He carried at his side a small wicker box which he kept his hand on, and as he drew near he halted. I heard a series of plaintive squeaks coming from it. "Make you perform the guinea pig?" he always asked, and before I could answer he dragged a remonstrating guinea pig from its warm berth within, and stretched it out on the cage, holding it down with both hands. "Johnny die queer!" he commanded, and lifted his hands for the instant in which Johnny was motionlessly gathering his forces for resuscitation. Then he called, "Bobby's coming!" and before the policeman was upon him, Johnny was hustled back into his warm box, woefully murmuring to its comfort of his hardship, and the queer little man smiled his triumph in every direction. The sight of the brief drama always cost me a penny; perhaps I could have had it for less, but I did not think a penny was too much.—Harper's Magazine.

An Elusive Dinner.

At a country boarding-house, where a "green" waitress was taking the dinner orders, she had asked four other boarders whether they would have roast beef or chicken, and they had all said the latter. When she asked me, I replied, "Chicken, please." Imagine my surprise when she answered, "I'm sorry, sir, but the chicken has just run out."

A Prospective Voter.

Upon receiving this telegram the other day, President Roosevelt was delighted and decided to dispel any lingering fears he had on the race-suicide question. It came from the wife of a Western politician named Ward, and ran as follows: "Congratulations, the ninth Ward has been carried."

Sweet Sorrough.

A maiden of ginger-bread dough
And her sweet little ginger-bread
bough
And a warm friend or two,
Very well-bread and two,
Went a-baking one day in a rough.

Said the little brown ginger-bread
bough
In a whisper confiding and lough
"I'm so short I shall break,
But you do take the cake.
You're the handsomest cookie I
nough."

But his sweetheart began then to
grough
Till she left her short swain far be-
lough.

Then he uttered a sigh
And the time-honored crigh
For a larger allowance of dough.

—Lippincott's.

THE PLEASURES OF HYPOCRISY.

A WELL-ORDERED and systematic hypocrisy in our lives is not only important but necessary. When it is irregular and misdirected we feel its effects, and the desirability of having it under control becomes more and more evident.

We cannot all be the most successful hypocrites, because it undoubtedly takes time to develop ourselves, but we can at least be conscientious in the application to this purpose of as much time as we have to spare, knowing that we shall be amply repaid for our efforts.

Hypocrisy seems to be easy because it is so natural to most of us, and because society is kind enough to encourage our efforts. But there is always the danger of being over-trained. To be the right kind of a hypocrite requires, not only an absence of self-consciousness, but a reverent regard for the amenities, and not everyone succeeds.

The man who says the pleasantest things to me, and with whom I can trust myself alone in the blessed confidence that he will not ask me for a loan, who will listen to my troubles with equanimity, is the best kind of a friend. But if I should constantly make him feel that his friendship is so precious to me because it is so inexpensive and useful, I would be grossly negligent of my own duties as a true hypocrite. Doubtless I have something to give him in return for what he gives me, hence the exchange is no robbery on either side, and we may both afford to assume that each one of us is so much of a friend to the other as to stand by him in every emergency; merely because this assumption helps to make matters smooth between us.

One of the most delightful things about being a hypocrite is to assume towards others that air of solicitude for their welfare, that reverent acceptance of their merits, that deference to their superior qualities, which is our peculiar prerogative. We know that what we say is not true. They know it is not true. We both know that the other knows that what we say is not true. Beneath all the lies that we boom, we are constantly telling to each other the secret feeling of true comradeship. Merely to have the mutual consciousness that we are both hypocrites serves as a bond between us, though never expressed in our outward relationships.

What, after all, could we do without truth? For unless there were truth somewhere, it would be impossible for us to assume it, and thus our hypocrisy would be of no use. The real value of truth, therefore, is not so much in its actual practice as in the fact that, though absent, its presence is seemingly guaranteed.

Could anything indeed be more delightful than this? Among friends it is a constant source of gratification. The true value of anything, however, often depends upon its universal application, and hypocrisy, when it is extended from our more intimate relationships out into the world of mere acquaintanceship, never fails us. It is a kind of coin current that we are constantly spending for our own comfort; and upon its dexterous use depends the truest harmony of life. To be an ordinary hypocrite may be the lot of any ordinary individual. But to rise above this level and wield our hypocrisy with skill and precision is the result of special qualifications. Mild infusions of truth often can be used with good results, and the effect of our hypocrisy heightened. But to know how to do this, and when and where, requires the skill of the expert.

True hypocrisy, like virtue, has its own reward. When approached in a prayerful spirit and developed along the right lines it is doubly blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that receives.

Tom Masson, in "Puck."

The Real Lunatic.

At a certain institution for the care of the insane there is a superintendent who has great faith in the remedial value of outdoor recreation for his patients. He accordingly is indefatigable in the promotion of wholesome sport, and the games follow the round of the seasons; cricket and lacrosse in summer, football in spring and autumn, skating and curling in winter. By virtue of this policy a number of expert players have been developed, and the cricket club in connection with the asylum is particularly renowned.

One winter the curling was especially good, and three of the patients, whose mental troubles were of a harmless type, acquired such skill that the superintendent was tempted to take them off with him to play a match in a neighboring city. To his keen chagrin, however, they were seized with stage fright at the bank, and curled so badly as to be ignominiously defeated.

On the conclusion of the match one of those blundering creatures whose curiosity makes them blind to considerations of courtesy went up to the superintendent and asked him if it was true that all the members of the team were lunatics.

"No," responded the superintendent, grimly, as the iron of defeat was thus driven in deeper by this clumsy hand "I am the only lunatic."

A Pertinent Charge.

In a murder case tried before Judge P., counsel for the defendant said, "It is better that ninety and nine guilty persons escape than that one innocent man should suffer."

In his charge to the jury the judge admitted the soundness of the proposition, but added, "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that the ninety and nine have already escaped."

"She was very much affected, was she not, at the bad news?"

"I should say so. Her eyes dropped, her voice broke, her face fell, and finally she burst into tears."

BREVITY, THE SOUL OF ALL TWENTIETH CENTURY LIFE.

IF there is one motto which more than any other sums up the tendencies of twentieth century life it is that which stares one in the face from the walls of so many business offices—"Be brief." It has come to pass that wit is the least of the things of which brevity is the soul. Quickness and dispatch, which were formerly considered excellent business principles, but very vulgar in any other connection, are now applied to all the relations of life. The man of to-day lives in a hurry; he is always moving feverishly on, as if to stand still would be to invite mildew or the attentions of a policeman. He only succeeds in keeping up with the rapid movement of events by taking all sorts of short cuts. The long, hard road excites his impatience unless he has a motor-car to cover it in, and if he is so fortunate as to own such a conveyance he keeps it rushing at the top of its speed. Accidents almost invariably happen, but they are expected, and are repaired with the same quickness and dispatch that characterize everything else.

Nature has accommodated herself to this hurry of existence and has abbreviated the already short span of life. She has applied the motto, "Be brief," by lopping a few years off the term of the average man; he does not live as long as his father did. But he lives on a shorter schedule; his "headway"—to use a United Railroads expression—is much greater. He begins by cutting short the time of childhood, for he cannot tarry long in the nursery these days. He must hurry from his blocks and drums to the schoolroom, where he absorbs information in the smallest of educational capsules. Then, at a tender age when his father was still pondering the beauties of a Greek play, he is embarked in business or in a learned profession through the medium (if he is exceptionally impatient) of a correspondence course. Having completed his preparatory training in brevity and quickness, his life becomes a grand rush which finds no respite until he is hurried into his grave. If he is a business man he tucks on his wall that feverish going—"Be brief!" If he is a professional man, his look, manner, everything, impresses on his client the necessity of "cutting it short."

There is one exception; the lawyer still maintains the leisurely traditions of the past, sauntering through litigation and tracking the ever-lengthening mazes of barratry with the most graceful ease imaginable. "Be brief" has impressed itself even on literature. "If the angels wrote books," said Goldsmith, "they would never be felios." Twentieth century man exhibits this angelic restraint; his poems are sonnets or the shortest of lyrics; his novels are reduced to one volume as against the two volumes of fifty years ago, and the three of an earlier century; his plays are four-act affairs, and will soon be briefer still. It is the same with the statesman; he no longer makes long speeches, but the brevity of his orations is more than made up by the energy of his lobbying. Even the lover has come to "cut it short." Why write lengthy love-letters when the party line is disengaged? He disposes of the unprofitable business of wooing in the same rapid way, and his married life is sometimes as brief as his courtship.

A rolling stone gets a very hurried view of things, and it is inevitable that this sort of life should result in superficial knowledge and veneered culture. "But," says the twentieth century man as he pauses to catch his breath, "we are in this world for such a brief space that there is no time to study anything but our own immediate interests."



Mr. Flush—Have you change for a five?
Mr. Broke—No; but I would like to have a five for a change.

THE PORTER WHOSE FAME HAS CROSSED THE OCEAN.

TRAVELING in Italy, not long ago, says the "Bulletin," a man from San Francisco met an English tourist who had visited San Francisco some years before, but whose only recollection of this city was the fact that the negro attendant who has charge of the hat-rack in the men's grill at the Palace Hotel, is a doosid clever chap that identifies the hats of the guests by memory, and never makes a mistake. The Englishman during the years that had intervened since his stay here had not ceased to marvel at the extraordinary talent of this particular attendant and, no doubt, had spread the colored porter's fame to the ends of the earth.

The incident points the truth that there is no field of labor in which a man cannot attain eminence and celebrity if he will make himself the very best in the business. Many columns of good advice have been published on the choice of a profession, but, after all, it is not so much the profession that counts as it is one's zeal and industry and striving for perfection. The position of attendant at a hat-rack in a hotel or club is lowly, as

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the world ranks such things, but even in that calling a man can attain distinction and make himself a personality if he hands hats to their owners more cleverly than anyone else can do it. Almost any man employed at the task could train his memory to perform the trick which has rendered the porter at the Palace a notable figure, but how many have essayed to do it? The ineptitude of the majority creates the opportunity of which the ambitious few take advantage.

At the same hotel is a head waiter whose salary is almost equal to that of the Governor of California, and who, at a banquet, has usually more distinction in his bearing than any guest whom he serves. This head waiter is a man of brains, but, as he rose in the world, he shrewdly aimed to perfect himself in his own craft rather than spoil himself by becoming an obscure clerk or going into some other occupation that society deems more genteel than waiting on table.

The man at the top is always respected and regarded as an equal by other men at the top, whether he be at the top of a learned profession, or at the top of a political party, or at the top of a railway company, or at the top of the waiter's craft or mystery. There is always honor in being the best in one's own field. The man dignifies the calling. Surely it is better to be a first-rate cook or steward than a third-rate lawyer or physician.

THE LESSER VIRTUES.

By One Who Has Abandoned Them.

AM about to prove that the Lesser Virtues are of no use. My aunt, who trained me to them, would be scandalized if she saw this, but she only reads the local paper.

First, take Tidiness. Why, you needn't all shout at me at once! Just listen.

The tidest woman I know is always missing her trains and being late for everything, because she stays to arrange her dressing-table and adjust her ties "so." The untidest man I know (except me) gets through more work than Samson and Job combined. He is an editor, energetic as Samson, but crosser than Job. And his papers are—well, in confusion. He never stops to put anything away. He hasn't time.

My aunt was tidy. Always put everything away—generally so securely that she couldn't find it again. It was an address in a hurry it was I wanted a tablet tied up in a pile of old letters in a small cardboard box in her locked desk on the top of the wardrobe covered up neatly with a dust sheet. The keys of the desk were in a little box in the jewel cabinet in the left-hand-corner drawer of her bedroom. And the key of that was on the bunch of keys in her second-best black silk dress hanging up in the right-hand wing of the same wardrobe. Or else the one in my room. And the key of that—I have forgotten.

Of course tidiness has great advantages. I'm not denying it. But I don't know them, because I haven't time to find them out. The advantages of untidiness I have long known. I find that yellow and black cravat I lost weeks ago and am so partial to, when I try to find my left-hand glove. And I go out without the latter, which saves it. It is so economical, untidiness. I can't wear out half my clothes, because I can't find them. The housemaid sweeps my room clean to find the loose cash I dropped at when I threw my trousers on the floor. I don't have to answer letters because I have lost the addresses—a distinct saving in income.

Now take Punctuality. The punctual man is invited out for four-thirty p.m. and he arrives then. His hostess isn't dressed, and when she is, she scowls on him. Inviting at four-thirty, of course she meant everyone to come at five o'clock—which they do, all except the punctual man, who has had a time of it.

He comes down to breakfast at

eight sharp. Sally isn't ready, and brings his bacon half cooked; the milkman hasn't come, and he swallows his unsavory meal quickly and goes off, hated by the family, whom he has abused, but sustained with virtue.

I rush up at the last moment, and lose mine. (Not my virtue—I lost that long ago—but my train.) I catch sight of Florrie Davin's black eyes on the down platform. I go across to get a paper, and the time passes all too quickly. Next morning, I have a chat with Susie, who happens to have missed her train at the same time. It is perfectly delightful. I get only half the long sermons and stupid plays; my life is full of unexpected pleasures—all derived from unpunctuality.

Promptness is an allied virtue. I have never discovered the smallest advantage in it. You send immediately to your tailor's, and afterwards see a cloth you like better. Look at the interest per cent. you lose by paying promptly. And the letters you must write if you answer at once! It is frightful to the imagination! By neglecting to get a button sewn on your coat you get them all off, and having them all done at once saves so much trouble and annoyance in being without that old coat (it is so comfortable). Your landlady's daughter doesn't charge any more for doing them all, than for one.

You are late for Susie, and her blue eyes are filling with tears. Blue eyes are first-rate like that; and then you have to kiss the tears away. Who would be prompt?

Talking of coats reminds me of Devotion to Dress and Decorum in Department, a virtue much sought after. No rambles over stiles and through woods; no mountains; no botanical expeditions; but chokiness all over, anxiety about knees, crossness about boots—good heavens! what fools men can be. This is the worst Virtue of the lot. It makes me so indignant that I can't think of another. But there are lots of them, bless you, and all unnecessary.

Chips.

The antidote for flattery is a small brother.

"Come, come, waiter, where's the chicken I ordered?" demanded the patient diner.

"All right, sir; all right. The boss says when I get one more order he'll kill it."

"Alas!" sobbed King Arthur, "Sir Galahad is dead."
"Nay," remarked the court jester; "say rather that he is simply 'enjoying' a good knight's rest."

Prospective Purchaser—You say this is a healthy place, yet the man next door is confined to his bed. How do you account for that?

Real Estate Agent—Oh, he's a doctor and is slowly dying of starvation.

"How is your son getting on in his new position?"
"Splendidly," said the fond mother. "He has been there only two weeks, but he knows exactly who ought to be discharged, and is merely waiting to get promoted so that he can attend to it."

Cholly—Charming widow, isn't she? They say she is to marry again.

Algy—I wouldn't want to be a widow's second husband.

Cholly—Well, I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first husband, doncherknow.

"You'll take a couple of tickets, of course. We're getting up a raffle for a poor cripple in our neighborhood—"

"None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor cripple if I won him."

Rodney—Do you have trouble with "shall" and "will"?

Dickey—None; my wife says "you shall," and I say "I will."

"What'd he get fired for?" "Pig-headed. Couldn't get him to set Russian names anyway except by leaning his elbow on the keyboard of the machine."

UNSOLICITED HONOR FOR

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

PIANOS



Montreal Star, January, 17, 1906.—Musical Montreal was charmed and delighted with the magnificent playing of the great French pianist, Raoul Pugno, at Windsor Hall last night, and the unanimous opinion expressed was that it was the finest recital given here in years. Mons. Pugno honored Canada by selecting for his concert the Premier Grand Piano made by Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, of Toronto. A great many old fogey musicians were looking for an American piano to be used, but Pugno is up-to-date, and when he found a piano made in Canada equal to any in the world, he requested it for his recital here, and it filled ever demand and at once established the fact that Gerhard Heintzman Pianos have no peer for home or concert use. Mons. Pugno, when questioned by some of our skeptical musicians, gave the Gerhard Heintzman Piano the greatest praise, both the Grand he used at his concert and the Gerhard Heintzman Grand he played on at his visit to the McGill Conservatorium yesterday afternoon. When such an artist is fully satisfied, who dare say a word against our greatest Canadian piano?

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On Friday evening, January 12th, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Lawrence, "Five Oaks," Avenue Road Hill, gave a very enjoyable dance for about seventy-five young people in honor of their son Ernest's twenty-first birthday. The young people were received at the door of the music-room by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. The orchestra occupied the landing, which was artistically decorated with palms. The music-room, dining-room, and hall, also made beautiful with floral decorations, were used for the dancing. The sun-parlor and conservatory made ideal sitting-out-rooms. Refreshments were served at quarte-tables, tastefully arranged with shaded candles and tempting dainties. The electric lights were turned off during the supper hour, leaving the subdued light of the candles, which gave a very pretty effect.

Mrs. Walter G. Haynes of 80 Bernard avenue will be at home from four to six on Friday, February 2nd.

Mrs. H. F. Sharpe and her sister, Miss Buchanan, of Admiral road, gave an At Home on Tuesday afternoon. The decoration of the house was carried out in daffodils, lily of the valley and masses of roses. Mrs. Sharpe received in white embroidered chiffon with satin trimmings. Miss Buchanan was in white point d'esprit over white silk. Tea was served in the dining-room from an artistically arranged table, in the center of which was a large basket of daffodils and lily of the valley, surrounded by yellow chiffron, and softly shaded lights. Those in charge of the tea-room were Mrs. Jack Davy and Mrs. Albert Releton, assisted by Miss Fleming, Miss McKinnon, Miss Best, Miss Urquhart, and Miss Keith. In the evening an impromptu dance was enjoyed by the young ladies and their friends.

Mrs. H. Cameron Little (née Wilson) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 205 St. Clare's avenue, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, February 1st, and afterwards on the first Friday of the month.

Mrs. Z. Burnham of Peterboro is in town visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. Winn Nichols, 472 West Marion street, Parkdale.

The Cowley Club enjoyed a very pleasant meeting on Friday evening last at the home of Mrs. James Sharpe in King street west. The decorations were artistically carried out in the club colors, red and white. The next meeting will be held on Friday evening, February 2nd, at the home of Colonel Hall, 136 St. George street. Members are requested to come prepared for a snowshoe tramp if the weather permits, meeting at Colonel Hall's, at 8.15 p.m.

Miss Hilda Bouvier gave a telephone tea at her apartments at the Rossin House on Tuesday afternoon. The charming young hostess was attended in white, while her cousin, Miss Ethel Vogan, who assisted her, wore pale blue. The following were among

those present: Miss Beryl Dennis, Miss Clara Foy, Miss Olive Sheppard, Miss Thelma Lester, the Misses Patricia and Inez Brazil, Miss Gertrude Murphy and Miss Jessie Rosler.

Dr. and Mrs. Westman are in Toronto for a month, and are the guests of Mrs. Pugsley, 137 West Bloor street. Mrs. Westman will receive with Mrs. Pugsley on Friday, February 2nd.

Mrs. W. S. Herrington, Mrs. Burritt and Mrs. J. A. Shibley of Napanee passed through Toronto a few days ago, en route to Mexico City, to visit Mr. and Mrs. George I. Ham.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated Wednesday afternoon, January 24th, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. W. E. Robertson, 43 Collier street, when Emily May Vandenburg, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Vandenburg, was married to Mr. James B. Morgan, Jr., of Pittsburg, Pa. The Rev. Septimus Jones officiated, and the bride was attended by Miss Mai Read. Only the immediate relatives were present. The bridal party left on the evening train for a trip through the New England States. Mrs. Morgan will be at home after March 1st, at 613 Alleghany avenue, Alleghany, Pa.

There was a large attendance at the January meeting of the Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship, held in St. George's Hall on the 10th inst. The president announced, in opening the meeting, that a cheque for the first year's maintenance of a "Dickens Cot" in the Home for Incurable Children had been sent to that institution, and that the cot was now an accomplished fact. The honorary secretary-treasurer read a very interesting paper on "Three Women Characters of David Copperfield." Mrs. Hart contributed a reading from "Our Mutual Friend," and Miss Malcolm from "Pickwick." Dr. Malcolm W. Sparrow sang two numbers in his usual artistic manner. At the conclusion of the programme light refreshments were served, and members had an opportunity of getting better acquainted. It was decided that the first banquet of the branch should be held at McConkey's on Wednesday, February 7th, to celebrate the ninety-fourth anniversary of the novelist's birth.

Mrs. Thomas Gallagher will receive for the first time since her arrival from Ottawa on Monday, January 20th at her home, 181 Park road, Rosedale, and afterwards on the first and second Mondays.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice M. Keel, only daughter of Nelson M. Keel, of Winnipeg, to Herbert Charles Merse of New York.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Mrs. C. B. Henderson, Miss A. C. Henderson, S. Britton Foster, Percy R. Robertson, C. S. Morrow, A. A. McDonald, F. A. F. Ardagh and wife, F. Sparling and wife, Mrs. W. P. White, Miss White, J. Harvey Hill, R. Cardiff, J. L. Watt and wife, Miss R. F. Mason, Miss K. E. Mason, Allan McNabb and wife, Bert Harvey, N. Clifford Marshall, R. S. Mooney, Charles E. Colgrove, all of Toronto; A. E. Grezory, Peterboro; Robert Neill, Lindsay; Miss Emma Graybell,

Canton, Ohio; Fred R. Shantz, Bracebridge; H. J. Teller, Montreal; R. Sibbit and wife, Brantford; T. L. Simmons, Ottawa; J. H. Nettleton, Collingwood; E. S. Edmonson, Oshawa.

Tourists—Travelers.

The most convenient way to carry funds is by Travelers' Cheques. Value in dollars with equivalents in foreign moneys stated on each. No discount. Efficient identification plan issued by Dominion Express Co., Wellington and Yonge streets. Money orders, foreign cheques, travelers' cheques, letters of credit, etc.

Messrs. Charles M. Henderson & Co. will conduct a sale by catalogue at the residence of the late Hon. John Macdonald, "Oaklands," Avenue road Hill, next Monday and Tuesday, January 20th and 21st, at 11 o'clock each day. This sale offers great opportunities to intending purchasers.

Next Week at Shea's.

NEXT week's show at Shea's Yonge street Theater will be one of the biggest shows that Toronto has ever seen. Vaudeville patrons can not fail to be pleased at the effort that Manager Shea is making for their amusement. The highest priced performers in the country are brought to this city and theatergoers will have the opportunity to see them at prices lower than charged elsewhere in the country. The headline act for the week will be Josephine Cohan and company, presenting a musical farce called "Friday the 13th." Miss Cohan was last season with the Rogers Brothers, and she will be warmly welcomed in her return to vaudeville. She is well remembered by the patrons of the Yonge street theater as a member of the famous Four Cohans and she is as dainty and charming as ever and her musical sketch gives her an opportunity to sing and to dance and she is the greatest dancer on the American stage. She is capably supported in her offering by Morgan Wallace, Edward Bowers and Virginia Watson. She plays the part of the superstitious young wife who sees an omen in everything, and the fun in the playlet comes through mistaking a real burglar for one in masquerade. As a special extra attraction on the bill the Eight Salvagis will be seen. They are the greatest whirlwind dancers in the world, and their act has proved a great sensation everywhere. They are beautifully costumed, and the act is as pleasing as it is clever. Keeler's Imperial Japanese Troupe is also an act that will lend color and beauty to the scene. These Japs are noted for their dexterity, and their juggling and balancing will be a sensation. Fred Niblo has certainly the best monologue of the season, and Mr. Niblo's manner of giving his stories to his audience is irresistible. He is a great favorite in Toronto, and will be given a warm welcome. The Basque Quartette is a high-class singing organization. They have beautifully trained voices and sing the best music. Murphy and Francis are a colored singing and dancing team, and their work is the best in vaudeville. This big bill will close with an entirely new line of pictures in the kinetograph.

Little Boston Girl—Are you a cot-tager?
Little Harlem Boy—No, I'm a flat-terer.

A Vain Boaster.

A farmer in Central New York State has in his employ a man named George, whose understanding is not very acute.

One day as his employer came out to the field where he was working, George hailed him: "Say, Boss, who do you like best, Mr. Gorman or Mr. Carney," naming two ministers whose churches are in the neighborhood.

"Well," said the farmer, "I couldn't say. I never heard Mr. Gorman preach."

"I don't like that man Carney," said George; "he brags too much. I went to his church last Sunday and he didn't talk about anything but his father's mansions and brag about how much finer they were than anyone else's."

Scriptural Proof.

At a colored camp meeting in Carolina a testifying penitent referred to himself and his unconverted brothers as "niggers" in a spirit of abject humility which he deemed well pleasing to his Maker. The presiding elder who "amended" his speech at proper intervals finally threw out a gentle rebuke.

"Call you'self a collud pusson, Brother," he admonished impressively. "Niggers is a term ob reproach invented by proud white folks. Dey ain't no mention in de Good Book of Niggers."

"Oh, yes, dey is, parson," the penitent contradicted solemnly. "Don't you rec'lect de place whar it tell about nigger Demus?"

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

MAGEE—At Hamilton, January 23, 1906, Mrs. J. Egan Magee, twin daughters.
BUIK—Toronto, January 20, to Mrs. James Buik, a daughter.
JACKSON—Toronto, January 20, to Mrs. Thomas Jackson, a daughter.
MACMICKING—Lethbridge, January 9, to Mrs. O. U. MacMicking, a son.
PHILIP—Galt, January 18, to Mrs. William Philip, a son.
PARSONS—Toronto, January 18, to Mrs. Walter C. Parsons, a son.
STEPHENS—Glencora, January 19, to Mrs. Marshall Neilly Stephens, a daughter.
SUTHERLAND—Ingersoll, January 20, to Mrs. George Sutherland, a daughter.
SMITH—Toronto, January 22, to Mrs. G. L. Smith, a daughter.

Marriages.

WALKINSHAW—WALLACE—On Wednesday, January 17, at 31 Major street, by the Rev. Robert Gray, C. Aubrey Walkinshaw to Hazel O. Wallace, daughter of the late John Wallace.
BIXON—PASSMORE—Toronto, January 22, Blanche Passmore to Herbert B. Bixion.
LAMBE—STRETTON—Toronto, January 20, Ada Leonore Stretton to Hugh Lambe.

Deaths.

BARKER—Toronto, January 23, John Jefferson Barker.
BETTES—Winnipeg, January 19, James W. Bettes.
BONNEY—Toronto, January 18, Robert Bonney, aged 50 years.
BRENDON—Toronto, January 21, Mrs. Anna S. Brendon, aged 81 years.
CARRUTHERS—Toronto, January 23, Mrs. Mary Hannah Carruthers, aged 68 years.
DAW—Toronto, January 23, Mrs. Mary Daw, aged 79 years.
GOWANS—Toronto, January 20, Mrs. Ann Gowans, aged 90 years.
GREENWOOD—Toronto, January 18, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Greenwood.
HOLME—Toronto, January 21, Robert William Holme.
HEYES—Toronto, January 22, Sydney A. Heyes, aged 47 years.
JONES—Toronto, January 22, Mrs. T. Simpson Jones.
KEARNEY—Toronto, January 23, John Kearney.
KING—Toronto, January 19, Alexander King, aged 56 years.
LEECH—Toronto, January 20, John Leech.
MATTHEWS—Toronto, January 19, Elizabeth A. Matthews.
MCKINNEY—Toronto, January 19, Robert McKinney, aged 65 years.
RUTHVEN—Toronto, January 21, Mrs. Fred Ruthven, aged 34 years.
SENIOR—Sault Ste. Marie, January 24, Thomas J. Senior, aged 48 years.
SHERATON—Wycliffe College, Toronto, January 24, Rev. James Patterson Sheraton, D.D., LL.D.
THOMPSON—Toronto, January 20, George W. Thompson, M.D., aged 69 years.
THOMPSON—Toronto, January 20, Robert Thompson, aged 62 years.
VERRAL—Isolation Hospital, January 21, Ruth Darling Verral, aged 13 years.
WIESE—Toronto, January 23, Mrs. Mary Wiese, aged 78 years.
WILLIAMSON—Los Angeles, Cal., January 22, Hiram K. Williamson.
WILLS—Toronto, January 21, Mrs. George Wills.
YATES—Toronto, January 23, Mrs. Walter E. Yates, aged 32 years.

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THE METROPOLITAN BANK.

The Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of The Metropolitan Bank was held at the Head Office of the institution in Toronto at noon on Tuesday, 2. 1 January, 1906.

There were present S. J. Moore, Esq., President; D. E. Thomson, Esq., K.C., Vice-President; His Honor W. Mortimer Clark, K.C.; Messrs. Thomas Bradshaw, John Firstbrook, James Ryrie, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Dr. F. R. Eccles, Rev. J. E. Dyer, Rev. John Pepper, Messrs. J. W. Scott, William Davies, John Atkin, A. D. Clark, C. B. Powell, T. O. Anderson, H. Sutherland, H. Langlois, E. R. Wood, F. C. Taylor, G. T. Ferguson, Archibald Speers, R. C. Matthews, Robert Kilgour, James Brown, Strachan Johnston, W. R. Johnston, and others.

On motion of Mr. D. E. Thomson, seconded by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. S. J. Moore, President of the Bank, was appointed Chairman.

The General Manager, Mr. W. D. Ross, was asked to act as Secretary. On motion of Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, seconded by Mr. Herbert Langlois, Messrs. T. O. Anderson and R. C. Matthews were appointed to act as scrutineers.

The report of the Directors to the Shareholders was then read by Mr. W. D. Ross, General Manager, as follows:

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the result of the business of the Bank for the year 1905, with a statement of its affairs, as at 30th December, 1905.

The net profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, rebate on unmatured bills, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to \$120,085.55.
The balance brought forward from Year ending December 31st, 1904, was 103,047.79.

Making a total of \$223,133.34

This has been disposed of as follows:
Dividends Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum \$8,000.00
Written off Bank Premises 10,000.00
Leaving a balance at credit of Profit and Loss account of 133,133.34

\$223,133.34

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year at Bancroft, Elmira, Harrowsmith, and North Augusta.

It is with sincere regret that your Directors have to record the death of the late President, Rev. R. H. Warden, D.D., which occurred on November 26th last. Dr. Warden devoted himself most unselfishly to the interests of the institution, and in him the Bank had the services of a man of high character and great ability.

Mr. S. J. Moore, Vice-President of the Bank, was elected President to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Warden. Mr. D. E. Thomson was elected Vice-President, and Mr. James Ryrie was elected a member of the Board.

S. J. MOORE, President

Statement of the Affairs of the Bank AS AT DECEMBER 30th, 1905

LIABILITIES.	
Notes of Bank in circulation	\$887,592.50
Deposits not bearing interest	770,294.06
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	1,969,814.86
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	88,125.61
Balances due to agents in United Kingdom	55,885.04
Capital Stock, paid up	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	1,000,000.00
Rebate on Bills Discounted	20,150.51
Dividend number four, payable January 2nd, 1906	20,000.00
Previous dividends unclaimed	42.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, carried forward	133,133.34
	2,173,325.85
	\$5,945,037.92
ASSETS.	
Specie and Dominion notes	\$414,419.98
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	46,523.37
Notes of and cheques on other banks	174,899.73
Balances due from other banks in Canada	307,572.13
Balances due from agents in foreign countries	128,735.23
Railway and other bonds, debentures, and securities	555,998.53
Call loans secured by bonds, debentures, and stock	596,332.37
Current loans and discounts	3,661,745.21
Notes and bills overdue (estimated loss provided for)	5,194.09
Bank premises, safes, and office furniture	153,617.28
	\$8,200,556.58
	\$5,945,037.92

W. D. ROSS, General Manager.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, spoke as follows: Before referring to the condition of the Bank as shown by the statement now presented, I desire to voice the feeling of personal loss which all the Directors experienced at the death of our late President, Dr. Warden. He was so highly respected, both for his character and ability, by his colleagues, that his death came to each as a personal bereavement. He was elected Vice-President of the Bank at its organization, and when the first vacancy occurred in the Presidency he assumed the duties of that office at a personal sacrifice. He had unbounded faith in the future of the Bank, and showed his confidence by becoming a large shareholder, and by increasing his holdings in the stock of the Bank on more than one occasion. The Directors feel that they were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. James Ryrie to fill the vacancy on the Board. He is widely known as a man of the highest integrity, and as one who has been eminently successful.

The statement which has been placed in your hands shows that our profits for the past year were \$120,085.55, in comparison with \$84,815.48 for the year before. These represent earnings of 12 per cent. upon the capital stock for 1905, whereas in 1904 such earnings were about 8 1/2 per cent. This should be as satisfactory to the shareholders as it is gratifying to the Directors. These profits are realized after providing for interest due depositors, rebate on unmatured bills, and all doubtful as well as bad debts. Our supplies of Bank notes and stationery are also paid for and charged off.

Our DEPOSITS have increased during the year from \$2,075,618.29 to \$2,740,108.92, an increase of \$664,490.63.

In the totals of the previous year the deposits by the Provincial Government were \$261,000 greater than at 30th December last, so that our ordinary deposits have increased \$22,490.63 in the year. The deposits are well distributed, and may be considered reasonably permanent.

Our LOANS AND DISCOUNTS are \$3,661,745.21, showing an increase of \$827,392.61 for the year. The amounts are well distributed, no unduly large advances are granted, and all accounts are carefully considered.

Our INVESTMENTS are scattered, and chosen after careful consideration. The market value exceeds the amount shown in our return to shareholders.

THE BANK PREMISES, SAFES, AND OFFICE FURNITURE are shown as \$153,617.28. This amount is arrived at after writing off most liberally for depreciation before striking our profits for the year. The \$1,000 reserved out of profits is an extra reduction made to improve this particular asset.

Our TOTAL ASSETS are 17 per cent. of our deposits and circulation combined, and you will observe that of these assets \$2,124,481.24 are immediately available, being an amount equal to 56 per cent. of our total liabilities. In this respect we show exceptional strength.

NEW BRANCHES.—We have opened four new offices during the year, making a total of 17 Branches outside of our Head Office. We are also in possession of premises at Guelph, where a Branch will be established about 1st February. You will observe that our policy in this regard is one of moderation. A new Bank has not in itself the trained and tried men necessary for the responsible positions of Bank managers when such positions are created too rapidly. If they wish, therefore, to adopt a policy of rapid extension in branch-opening they are thrown for the most part on the necessity of taking men which other institutions are willing to let go or they must repose confidence in young and inexperienced men. In either case they run a risk which we do not think we would be justified in assuming.

SHARES.—It may be disappointing to our Shareholders that the shares of the Bank have not a greater market value than reported, but this is a matter which your Directors do not control, and about which they do not think that they should be concerned. Our efforts are put forth to show intrinsic values, and the real worth of the shares to-day, as shown by our Balance Sheet, is 213. The least we can assure the Shareholders in this respect is that our statement is not inflated or exaggerated, and that the value, as shown therein, is even more than fully represented in the assets of the Bank.

In view of the recent rumors regarding the absorption of the Bank, we take this opportunity of stating that the report is incorrect, and to inform the Shareholders that we have made no approaches, directly or indirectly, to any Bank or institution with a view to amalgamation or absorption.

Our policy has been one of prudence and conservatism, and, whatever others may do, to this policy we will absolutely adhere. Month by month we are showing progress, and the growing with a steadiness and certainty that are bound to bring good results.

We again ask for the earnest support of our Shareholders, depositors, and friends in the extension of our business.

I have pleasure in moving the adoption of the report.

The motion was seconded by the Vice-President and unanimously adopted. The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year: S. J. Moore, D. E. Thomson, K.C., His Honor W. Mortimer Clark, K.C., Thomas Bradshaw, John Firstbrook, James Ryrie.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. S. J. Moore was elected President, and Mr. D. E. Thomson was elected Vice-President.